Bloodtide, by Jonathan Morris

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(Howling wind and crashing rolls of thunder. This alien race uses the same sort of electronically changed voice as Davros, which makes some words difficult to make out.)
TANNOY: Gortal Clan report to hibernation chamber four. Gortal Clan, report.
TANNOY 2: Temperature is reduced to twenty below freezing. I repeat, the temperature has dropped.
TANNOY 3: Ordering Tulok to the Justice Chamber.

TULOK: This is Tulok.
SILURIAN: S'Rel Tulok, you stand accused of perverting the laws.of nature for your own unethical purposes.
TULOK: Laws of nature? Nature is an unrelenting bloody battle of tooth and claw. There is no law in nature.
SILURIAN: You have created a genetically modified species of monsters, Tulok. You have developed abominations that have no right to exist.
TULOK: The results of my experimentation.
SILURIAN: You have broken the most sacred tenets of Silurian Law. Do you have anything to plead in your defence?
TULOK: I deny the authority of this court.
(Tone, he groans.)
TULOK: My creatures are a success, a glorious success.
SILURIAN: S'Rel Tulok, the penalty for your crimes is death. However, in recognition of your past achievements we are prepared to show you mercy. You will be banished to the Earth's surface.
TULOK: What? No. But nothing can survive up there. I beg you.
SILURIAN: You will be at the mercy of nature. It will take its retribution for your crimes.
TULOK: I deny your justice.
(Chains rattle, door opens and closes.)
SH'VAK: (female) Tulok.
TULOK: Sh'vak? Is that you?
SH'VAK: Listen to me. You haven't much time. It isn't too late to confess.
TULOK: Confess?
SH'VAK: Admit to everything, and they will let you enter hibernation.
TULOK: I confess to nothing. Sh'vak, you were my friend once. I saved your life.
SH'VAK: I have not forgotten. That is why I am trying to help you.
TULOK: You still can. You know what I am doing is right. Release me.
SH'VAK: No.
TULOK: They are going to have me executed, thrown out into the poisoned wasteland.
SH'VAK: I know. I have been ordered to escort you to the surface.

(Lift arrives.)
SH'VAK: You might survive out there. It is not impossible.
TULOK: There has been no sunlight for ten years. Nothing can live in such a place.
TANNOY: All remaining Silurian clans will proceed to their preparation chambers. This is your final warning.
TULOK: Sh'vak, you understand the value of my work. It is too important to give up now.
SH'VAK: There is nothing I can do. I'm sorry.
TULOK: Don't let them do this. Those cowards, they dare to condemn *me.* And my creatures. What will happen to my creatures?
(Door opens.)
TULOK: No, no, Sh'vak. Sh'vak, don't leave me out here. Sh'vak, don't leave me out here.
(Door closes.)

SILURIAN 2: Tulok's creatures, what should we do with them?
SILURIAN: Release the monstrosities onto the planet's surface to join their creator. The vengeance of nature shall sweep them both away.
TANNOY: Proceed to complete environmental shutdown.
(Thunder and howling gales.)

(Sound of sea birds. The Tardis materialises and the door opens.)
DOCTOR: (reading) In many places the coast is rock-bound, tumbled masses of blackish or greenish stuff like the dross of an iron furnace, forming dark clefts
EVELYN: (shivers) I'll lock up, shall I, Doctor?
DOCTOR: And caves
EVELYN: Oh no, don't mind me
DOCTOR: Into which a ceaseless sea
EVELYN: You just carry on.
DOCTOR: Pours a fury of foam.
EVELYN: What?
DOCTOR: Hmm? Fury of foam, Evelyn.
EVELYN: How ridiculous. What's that you're reading, anyway. The tourist guide from hell?
DOCTOR: The Encatadas, by Mister Herman Melville.
http://americanliterature.com/author/herman-melville/short-story/the-encantadas-or-enchanted-isles
EVELYN: I might have known. I attempted to read Moby Dick, once. Gave up before they'd even raised anchor. Terrible stuff. Pompous and overblown.
DOCTOR: Really? He's my favourite author.
EVELYN: As I said.
DOCTOR: I shall pretend I didn't hear that.
(Walking on shingle.)
DOCTOR: A swirl of grey haggard mist, amidst which sail screaming flights of unearthly birds, heightening the dismal din.
EVELYN: Oh, I'm glad I brought my sensible shoes. Where *are* we, anyway?
DOCTOR: Huh?
EVELYN: What are we doing here? And please, do try not to wander off. I don't want to lose you in this
DOCTOR: Grey haggard mist.
EVELYN: Quite.
DOCTOR: It's a surprise.
EVELYN: What?
DOCTOR: You asked me what we're doing here. It's a surprise.
EVELYN: Oh. Good. I do so love surprises. You know, Doctor, sometimes you can be quite infuriating.
DOCTOR: Can I? (chuckles) Yes, I suppose I can. Come along, we haven't got long before it gets dark, and it's a good couple of miles.
EVELYN: Oh, before it gets dark. Wonderful.

MAN: Pray silence in the courtroom. Silence for the Governor.
LAWSON: Bring the prisoner forward. Name.
EMILIO: (gibbering) El Hunco. No, no.
LAWSON: Speak up, man. Your name.
EMILIO: No, no, I saw them. El Hunco. Devils.
LAWSON: Make the man give his name.
MAN: I know him. He is Emilio Rodrigues, Governor Lawson.
LAWSON: I see. Some low-life, I presume, starved and desperate. Rodrigues, you stand accused of conspiracy. Do you have anything to say in your defence?
(Just whimpers.)
LAWSON: Guard.
(Slap, cry, rattle of chains. Murmuring in the crowd.)
LAWSON: The prisoner does not deny the charges. So be it. By the authority vested in me
(Door opens.)
GRETA: Governor!
LAWSON: What is this interruption? Who's this?
GRETA: I am Greta Rodrigues, Governor. The prisoner is my brother. I come to plead on his behalf.
LAWSON: Guard, remove this, this Greta woman.
GRETA: I come to plead for mercy. My brother is not well. He has not been acting himself. Please, Governor Lawson.
LAWSON: Your brother is a traitor. There's nothing to be gained by delaying
GRETA: No! My brother is no criminal. He's just a fisherman. Ask anyone in Baquerizo Moreno. They

know him. They know he is a good man. Only these last few days has he been
LAWSON: I am in no mood for wasting time, as my supper grows cold. Quiet, woman, or I shall assume you wish to share in your brother's punishment.
MAN: Silence!
LAWSON: By the authority vested in me I hereby find the prisoner guilty of treason. He shall be taken from this place to the jail house, and tomorrow at dawn will be hanged by the neck until dead.
GRETA: No! I beg you, Governor Lawson. You can't do this. Emilio is a good man.
(Slap!)

EVELYN: (breathless) Slow down, Doctor. I can't see what the desperate hurry is.
DOCTOR: (breathless) Hurry? This isn't hurrying. This is my normal pace. If I was hurrying, I'd be half way over that mountain by now.
EVELYN: At least get my breath back. I'm baking.
DOCTOR: Oh, all right then. Five minutes.
EVELYN: Doctor, have you noticed something?
DOCTOR: Hmm?
EVELYN: Put that ghastly book down and pay attention when I'm talking to you. I'm referring to the birds.
DOCTOR: Oh?
EVELYN: They don't seem to notice us.
DOCTOR: Ah, I was wondering when you'd spot that.
EVELYN: Even when we walk past, they ignore us completely. It's very peculiar. And there's something else.
DOCTOR: Something else?
EVELYN: Here we are, in the middle of scrub land and cactuses and goodness knows what, and yet there happens to be a convenient path running through the middle of it.
DOCTOR: Yes, quite a busy thoroughfare by the look of it. You can see from the track.
EVELYN: Oh! My goodness!
DOCTOR: What is it now?
EVELYN: Oh, Doctor, look! There!
DOCTOR: What? Oh, my word.
EVELYN: What a magnificent brute.
DOCTOR: Yes, a very handsome example of the Chelonian species.
EVELYN: It's a giant tortoise! Careful, Doctor. Get out of the way. He's coming through.
DOCTOR: I think I can just about avoid being flattened in its path, if I'm swift.
EVELYN: Oh, what is that smell? Oh, good grief. Poo. It smells like a physics undergraduate.
DOCTOR: Nature in all its, oh dear, unsubtle glory.
EVELYN: But just look at it. That shell must weigh a ton. Well, that settles it. I know where we are now.
DOCTOR: Oh, you do, do you?
EVELYN: Doctor, we're on the Galápagos islands, and that is a Galápagos tortoise.
DOCTOR: Well, actually, Galopegos is the Spanish word for tortoise.
EVELYN: Oh?
DOCTOR: They names the islands after them, you see. The Tortoise Islands, which I suppose means that that is, in fact, a tortoise of Tortoise. And that's something else I've taught us.
(Evelyn groans, the Doctor laughs.)
EVELYN: I take it I'm right, then?
DOCTOR: I wonder where he's going? Come on, Evelyn, before he leaves us behind.

(Metal creaks.)
LAWSON: Throw him in the cell.
EMILIO: Aie!
MAN: Shall I remain on guard, sir?
LAWSON: No. He can't escape from a locked room, now can he, man? Look at him, lying there.
EMILIO: Help me.
LAWSON: A pathetic excuse for humanity. Pathetic. It's in their blood, you know. Criminals breed criminals.
EMILIO: Water, please.
LAWSON: Ignore him.
(Metal clangs.)

EMILIO: No, you can't do this. Help me, please. I saw them, by the lake. Oh, God.

EVELYN: Doctor, where are we going?
DOCTOR: Water, Evelyn. We must find fresh water.
EVELYN: And you think this path will lead us there?
DOCTOR: Exactly. It's an old sailor's trick. The tortoises know the island better than anyone.
(Running water.)
EVELYN: Oh, well done. I still don't see
(Gun shot.)
DOCTOR: Over here. Quickly.
(Another gun shot.)
EVELYN: Someone's trying to kill us.
DOCTOR: No. No, I don't think so. I think they were shooting at the bushes. Wait there.
EVELYN: Doctor, they'll see you.
DOCTOR: That is the idea. (loud) Hello there!
DARWIN: Who is it? Step forward, man.
DOCTOR: Er, it's me. Ahem. I am the Doctor.
DARWIN: Doctor? You're here. I wasn't expecting to see you so soon, but it's a great moment to meet you at last. A great moment.
DOCTOR: Very pleased to meet you, too. I have looked forward to this meeting for a long, long time, and now to see you at last, such a rare pleasure.
DARWIN: And may I enquire as to who it is concealed behind the bush?
DOCTOR: Evelyn, come out. It's quite safe. This is my colleague, Miss Evelyn Smythe.
DARWIN: Your humble servant, madam.
EVELYN: And just why were you shooting at us, may I ask?
DARWIN: I was not intending to cause any harm, madam. My intentions was purely to collect specimens of the local fauna.
EVELYN: Oh, and I suppose that makes it all right.
DOCTOR: I trust you received my message, then.
DARWIN: Of course. I must say I was somewhat surprised to read Henslow's news of your expedition.
EVELYN: Who wrote to you?
DARWIN: Doctor John Stephens Henslow, madam. My professor at Cambridge. We keep up a correspondence on matters of botanical interest. He informed me of the good Doctor's expedition to these parts.
EVELYN: Expedition? What expedition? Doctor?
DOCTOR: Ah, well, you see, it's er, it's like this.
DARWIN: Doctor, I have so much I wish to discuss with you. The formation of these islands.
DOCTOR: Ah, quite. Quite.
DARWIN: It seems that this archipelago was upraised as a result of volcanic activity. The process of many thousands of years, as Lyell's principles of geology would have it, though I remain unconvinced. However, the fauna of the islands
EVELYN: No, I'm not following this at all. Who's Lyell?
DOCTOR: You know, Evelyn. Lyell. Charles Lyell. The foremost authority on the new discipline of geology. We studied with him, remember? That's the reason for our expedition. To survey the islands?
EVELYN: Oh, of course.
DOCTOR: Yes.
EVELYN: Thank you for reminding me, Doctor.
DARWIN: But tell me, Doctor. How did you know to find me here?
DOCTOR: Well, considering the nature of Fitzroy's mission, I presumed the best place to find *you* would be at the ideal place to collect samples. And may I say, this is an absolutely beautiful spot you've chosen.
EVELYN: Fitzroy. Wait a moment. Finches. Galápagos. (sotto) Doctor.
DOCTOR: Shh. Evelyn.
DARWIN: May I enquire as to the whereabouts of the rest of your party? It does seem strange to find you and your companion traversing the island alone.
DOCTOR: Ah, our boat is anchored on the far side of the island. We've walked for much of the day, and fear we may not be able to return there before nightfall.
DARWIN: But you must join me this evening. The governor of these islands is holding a dinner in

honour of the crew of the Beagle.
DOCTOR: Is he? Well, we would be absolutely delighted to attend, wouldn't we, Evelyn?
EVELYN: Delighted. (sotto) Doctor!
DARWIN: If you will excuse me for a moment while I go and collect my specimens.
(Walks away.)
EVELYN: (sotto) Doctor, the Beagle. He's Charles Darwin!
DOCTOR: Oh, you've guessed, have you? I wondered how long it would take.
EVELYN: Oh, I see. This is my surprise, isn't it? The very man I've always admired and been fascinated by. But he's so young.
DOCTOR: You were expecting an old man with a beard and a worried expression?
EVELYN: Well, no, but he could be one of my students.
DOCTOR: We've arrived at a crucial point in the history of your planet. On this island over the next few days, this particular young man is going to formulate the Theory of Evolution.
(Alfred Russel Wallace might have something to say about that.)
EVELYN: Yes, I do know.
DOCTOR: That theory will revolutionise and scandalise Victorian society. I thought you might relish the opportunity to see see genius at work. Well, to see another genius at work. You can compare our methods.
EVELYN: But why does he already know you?
DOCTOR: Oh, the result of a little behind the scenes tinkering. It's not difficult to inveigle oneself in scientific society, if you know how.
EVELYN: Who does he think you are?
DARWIN: Doctor Einstein, Miss Smythe, this path takes us down to the main settlement. It's not far, if you will follow me.
EVELYN: Einstein?
DOCTOR: Ah, er, um.

LAWSON: Can you hear me, masters?
TULOK [OC]: I hear you.
LAWSON: I have prepared another specimen for you. A human male, young. The one who disturbed you at the lake.

TULOK: Excellent. It will be collected.

DARWIN: It cannot have escaped your attention, Doctor, the extreme tameness of the birds. It is quite remarkable. And yet according to Cowley's reports
EVELYN: Cowley?
DARWIN: An earlier visitor to these islands, some hundred and fifty years ago. According to Cowley, the birds were tamer still, and even alighted on the arms and could be caught simply by covering them with a hat. It seems that in the intervening time, the birds have learned that man is to be feared.
EVELYN: Well, I'm not surprised if people like you go around shooting them.
DARWIN: That is my point. It would appear that the persecution of the last century and a half has somehow modified their behaviour. But how they have acquired this new instinct of wildness, I do not know.
EVELYN: Well then, that's just
DOCTOR: Shh! (sotto) Evelyn, you mustn't help him. It's important for the sake of history that he makes his own discoveries.
EVELYN: (sotto) Don't worry
DOCTOR: (sotto) Unprompted.
EVELYN: (sotto) My lips are sealed. (normal) Is it much further to this colony, er, what's it called?
DARWIN: Baquerizo Moreno. I think that's how it's pronounced. We're almost at the outskirts now. You can see the jail house.
EVELYN: The jail house? That huge building?
DARWIN: This is a penal colony, Miss Smythe, for political prisoners from Ecuador. Galápagos is a prison.

EMILIO: Let me out of here! You've got to let me out of here, please. I saw them. They were in a cave in the darkness. Devils. What, what is happening to me? No!
(Faint background sound gradually gets louder. Emilio is in pain.)
EMILIO: Devils! With three eyes. I saw them. No, I, I. Please help me! What is happening inside my

mind? Where am I? No, no, no!
(Sound of a primate screaming, then silence.)
EMILIO: They're coming for me. They are here!
(The door is opened. Emilio is terrified. A sonic weapon.)

(Cutlery on crockery.)
LAWSON: Dinner.
FITZROY: This is a remarkable island you have here, Governor Lawson.
LAWSON: Of course, the amenities are somewhat basic, but, well, the prisoners make unwilling workers. Servant! Wine!
FITZROY: Are all the settlers convicts?
LAWSON: There are a few fishermen, and the guards and their families, but apart from that we are alas burdened with the lower classes of humanity. Traitors to a man, Captain Fitzroy. Thieves and whores. The gutter dredges of humanity.
(Door opens.)
LAWSON: More visitors. Are these also from your ship, Captain Fitzroy?
FITZROY: This is my companion, Charles Darwin, the ship's naturalist.
DARWIN: Fitzroy, you remember I informed you about Lyell's geological expedition? Well, here is Doctor Albert
DOCTOR: Please, please, just call me the Doctor.
DARWIN: And his companion, Miss Evelyn Smythe.
LAWSON: Please, join us for dinner.
DOCTOR: Oh, thank you. You're most kind.
EVELYN: I'm absolutely famished.
LAWSON: Then you are in luck. Here comes the meat course now. Roast tortoise.
EVELYN: What?
LAWSON: Tortoise. Please, help yourselves.
DOCTOR: Are you all right, Evelyn?
EVELYN: Excuse me, but would it be possible to have something a little less meaty?
LAWSON: Well, you could have soup, I suppose.
EVELYN: Yes, er, soup.
LAWSON: One tortoise soup
EVELYN: Oh.
DOCTOR: Tortoise is the staple diet of these islands, Evelyn. Within a few short decades, they'll be virtually eaten to extinction.
LAWSON: (mouth full) I shouldn't be surprised, because they are delicious.
DOCTOR: Well, I'm serious. The greed of people like you will almost wipe them from the face of the Earth.
DARWIN: They are indeed fascinating creatures. According to the locals, they have never found one dead of natural causes.
LAWSON: I have seen them grow so large it takes eight men to lift one. Now, let me see. Mmm, this tortoise is from James Island. Am I right?
(Modern name - Santiago.)
LAWSON: Yes, I'm right.
DARWIN: You can distinguish the tortoise's island of origin by taste?
LAWSON: Mmm. Each of the islands' tortoises has distinct characteristics. The tortoises of Chatham have rounded shells, while those from James are rich and sweet in flavour.
DARWIN: This is indeed fascinating, Governor. (continues under dialogue.)
GRETA: Would you like some wine, sir?
DOCTOR: Oh, not for me, no. Evelyn?
EVELYN: Well, if I can't eat, I might as well have a drink. I just hope it's not tortoise wine.
LAWSON: You, servant.
GRETA: Me, sir?
LAWSON: Yes, you. Don't I recognise you? Ha, of course. The traitor we convicted today, he was your brother, wasn't he?
GRETA: He is my brother, Governor Lawson.
LAWSON: Not is any longer, my dear. A dead man.
GRETA: (crying) He is innocent. You are a murderer.
DOCTOR: Governor, I don't mean to speak out of turn but
LAWSON: As dead as one of Captain Fitzroy's fossils, but of considerably less interest.

(Greta runs out.)
DOCTOR: Lawson, whatever her brother has done, you have no right to treat *her* like that. There is no excuse for that sort of sheer cruelty.
LAWSON: I should remind you, Doctor, that her brother was a conspirator against the Federal Government. And yes, you are speaking out of turn.
(Awkward silence.)
DARWIN: You mentioned an interest in fossils (continues under dialogue.)
DOCTOR: Evelyn, I'm just popping outside for a few minutes. I'm finding the atmosphere here not quite to my taste.
EVELYN: Doctor.
DOCTOR: I won't be long. Stay with Charles. Can you do that for me?
EVELYN: I suppose so. And do try not to get into any more trouble.
DOCTOR: Trouble? Me? The very idea.
(Leaves.)
DARWIN: The remains of burrowing animals.
LAWSON: I should like to see the monsters that left these bones. Captain Fitzroy, how long did you say your expedition had been at sea?
FITZROY: Almost four years. We had (continues under dialogue)
DARWIN: Miss Evelyn, you understand geology, the implications of a fossil record?
EVELYN: Yes.
DARWIN: Extinctions of giant land mammals. At first upon discovering the remains at Punta Alta, I considered them remnants of the Great Flood.
EVELYN: Now?
DARWIN: But according to Lyell, the Tertiary record dates back not centuries, but possibly thousands of years. And these creatures were not destroyed in a single Divine catastrophe, but died out due to a multitude of random extinctions. And Cuvier. You have read Cuvier?
EVELYN: Of course.
DARWIN: He has observed that the fossil creatures exhibit a morphology. As we approach the present, the creatures more closely resemble those of today, but here is my dilemma.
EVELYN: Go on.
DARWIN: The Bible tells us that this world of ours is a mere six thousand years old. That the Lord created in six days. That there was but one Flood. So to my mind, these fossils should not exist. And yet, why did the Lord bring such creatures into being only to destroy them?

(Waves on a shore, running feet.)
DOCTOR: Wait! Wait, I'm not going to hurt you.
GRETA: Just leave me alone.
(Stops running.)
DOCTOR: Ah, there you are. I thought I'd lost you in the fog. Please, I only want to talk.
GRETA: I saw you back in the meeting hall. You were the one who spoke out against Governor Lawson. You are not afraid.
DOCTOR: That's right. I'm the Doctor. I'm here to help.
GRETA: You said you wanted to talk.
DOCTOR: Please, tell me about your brother. What happened?
GRETA: You know. They are going to have him killed.
DOCTOR: But why?
GRETA: They accuse him of treachery, but he is innocent, Doctor. He is a good man. He has been locked up because of what he has seen.
DOCTOR: What did he see? Please, tell me. It is terribly important.
GRETA: He claims he saw creatures. Devils, he called them.
DOCTOR: Devils?
GRETA: But after he saw them, he started acting strangely. He wouldn't talk, he wouldn't eat, he would scream through the night. We didn't know him any more. It was like he had been turned into a wild animal.
DOCTOR: My dear. I'm sorry, I don't know your name.
GRETA: Greta.
DOCTOR: My dear Greta, you have been very brave to tell me this, and I promise I will do everything I can to repay your trust.
GRETA: There is more. Lawson has had him locked up in the jail house. But I have watched the jail house, Doctor. They do not hang the prisoners there. They throw them in the cells and then they

never come out again.
DOCTOR: You mean they just disappear?
GRETA: Yes. My brother, I am scared for him, Doctor. I think I will never see him again.
DOCTOR: I think I should rather like to see this jail house. Would you take me there?
GRETA: But the curfew. If we are caught
DOCTOR: Well, we'd better get a move on then, hadn't we? The way this mist is drawing in, I think being spotted is the least of our worries.

LAWSON: (tapping on glass) Gentlemen. Gentlemen.
EVELYN: Huh.
LAWSON: Thank you for honouring us with your presence. I trust you found our hospitality tolerable.
FITZROY: We should be thanking you, sir. A most satisfying meal, and most stimulating company.
LAWSON: Thank you. However, gentlemen, I must advise you to make a swift return to your ship. There's a thick evening fog, and the streets of Baquerizo Moreno are treacherous. My guards will see you and your men safely escorted to the quayside.
FITZROY: We are most grateful. Good night, Governor.
LAWSON: I have some matters to attend to. If you'll excuse me, gentlemen.
(Leaves.)
EVELYN: Charles, excuse me, I don't mean to impose, but
DARWIN: I'd quite forgotten. Captain Fitzroy?
FITZROY: Yes?
DARWIN: Miss Smythe does not have any accommodation for the night.
FITZROY: Then she's more than welcome to join us on the Beagle. I'm afraid it is rough lodgings on board ship for a lady, but unless she has any objections
EVELYN: Not at all. I thought you'd never ask.
DARWIN: Then that's settled. If you and your friend the Doctor. Where's he got to?
FITZROY: Yes, the Doctor. Where is he?
EVELYN: Now that is a very good question.

(Door opens.)
DOCTOR: There's no one on guard. How very odd.
GRETA: Doctor?
DOCTOR: Yes, what is it?
GRETA: I, I do not like it here.
DOCTOR: I don't think you're supposed to like it. It's a prison.

DOCTOR [OC]: I'll go down to the cells. I'll only be a few minutes. If you want to wait here
GRETA [OC]: No! I must go with you.
DOCTOR [OC]: All right, all right, all right. Stay close to me.

(Metal door creaks open.)
DOCTOR: There's no one here. It's completely empty.
GRETA: Emilio, where has he gone? What have they done with him? Doctor?
DOCTOR: I don't know. But I have some very nasty suspicions.
(Metal door slams shut. Greta screams.)

DARWIN: Careful.
EVELYN: Oh, my goodness. I was never any good on boats.
DARWIN: Jump.
EVELYN: Oh, here goes. (lands on wood) One day I shall be too old for this sort of thing. Budge up.
FITZROY: Is everyone on board? Charles, have you got your specimens?
DARWIN: Yes, all stowed away. Evelyn, are you sure you don't want us to wait for the Doctor?
EVELYN: Oh, don't worry about him. I'm sure he'll turn up when he feels like it.
DARWIN: If you're sure. All aboard, Captain.
FITZROY: Cast off.
SEAMAN: Casting off, sir.
EVELYN: This is probably a silly question, but how are we going to find our way back to the Beagle if we can't actually see where we're going?
FITZROY: The Beagle's anchored not far out. In this mist, they'll light lamps on board to guide us. Keep an eye out ahead for them.

SEAMAN: Sir.

(Beating on metal door.)
GRETA: We're locked in!
DOCTOR: Yes. It would seem that our presence here did not go unnoticed. Lawson, he's in charge of this prison, correct?
GRETA: Yes.

DOCTOR [OC]: If every single person who goes in subsequently disappears, you know, I don't think our Governor is quite all that he seems.
LAWSON: Doctor, so close to the truth. Masters?
TULOK [OC]: I hear you.
LAWSON: I have two more captives for you. A man and a woman.

DOCTOR: There are no guards on duty. Hello, what's this? Ah, it's as if the wall's been almost melted away. It's completely smooth.
GRETA: I don't understand.
DOCTOR: It's the result of some sort of high intensity heat device. And I think I've seen it somewhere before.

(Oars splashing in water.)
EVELYN: Shouldn't we have got to the Beagle by now? We've been out here for, well, it must be a good half hour.
DARWIN: She's right, Captain. Do you think we might have
FITZROY: Don't worry. It can't be much further. Just keep an eye out
SEAMAN: Sir! Up ahead!
FITZROY: There. There she is. The Beagle.
EVELYN: Oh, at last. (gasps) What on Earth?
DARWIN: What's the matter?
EVELYN: For a moment there I thought I saw. No.
DARWIN: What did you see?
EVELYN: Well, I could have sworn there were two more lights, about ten yards away, in the darkness. They seemed to come from under the surface of the water.

GRETA: Doctor, what's going to happen to us?
DOCTOR: Don't worry, I don't think we'll have very long to wait.
GRETA: What do you mean?
(Wet rubbery footsteps. Metal door opens. Greta screams.)
GRETA: Aiee! The devil! Emilio was right. They are devils!
DOCTOR: Silurians. Of course.
TULOK: We have come for you.
(Sonic weapon, Greta screams.)

[Part Two]

(Scratching of nib on paper.)
DARWIN: September the nineteenth, eighteen hundred and thirty five. Upon our return to the Beagle, our immediate task was to prepare suitable lodgings for our guest, Miss Evelyn Smythe. Of the mysterious submarine lights observed by Miss Smythe there was no was no further sight. Upon retiring to my cabin, I found myself unable to sleep, the discoveries of the day still weighing heavily in my mind. I have spent some hours cataloguing recent samples
(Knocking on door.)
DARWIN: Enter!
(Door opens.)
EVELYN: Your light was on. I'm not disturbing you, am I?
(Door closes.)
DARWIN: Of course, you must be concerned about the Doctor. Please, do sit down.
EVELYN: I dare say he'll turn up when we least expect it. He has a habit of doing that.
DARWIN: I admire your confidence. We shall return to Chatham Island first thing in the morning and search for your friend.

EVELYN: What is this you're up to?
DARWIN: I'm er, I was trying to catalogue the finches obtained yesterday. It seems each variety is peculiar to each island.
EVELYN: They all look the same to me.
DARWIN: No, no, no, no. You see the graduation in the beaks? One could almost imagine the same creature had been taken and modified for different ends on each island.
EVELYN: Like the tortoises.
DARWIN: Quite, yes, yes. It is most remarkable. Each island seems to be possessed of its own distinct set of species, each isolated from the others by many miles of ocean. I believe. No. No, I am certain that I have observed a case of species modification. That as the finches have adapted to each island, so their form has changed as the result of subtle variations in the island's climate and the land.
EVELYN: You mean *they're* different because the islands are different.
DARWIN: Precisely. But what worries me is the notion that there could be an explanation for the diversity of the species other than that of God's will. You know that Lyell claims that geology is not the result of supernatural intervention.
EVELYN: Yes, but I
DARWIN: What, what if the same hold true for nature? Perhaps life is not immutable, moulded and set by divinity. Perhaps God's hand has not created this variation I see. Perhaps, perhaps it is instead the result of the natural order.

(Dripping water. The Doctor wakes.)
GRETA: Doctor?
DOCTOR: Hmm?
GRETA: Doctor, is that you? It's so dark
DOCTOR: Yes. Yes, it is. How are you?
GRETA: My head. I feel like I have died. What has happened to us?
DOCTOR: That was an energy resonator. A crude and rather painful method of rendering your subject unconscious.
GRETA: I do not understand your words. But if you understand, that is enough. What is this place?
DOCTOR: I'm not sure. Hmm, judging by the air pressure we're some considerable depth below sea level. I rather think we've exchanged one prison cell for another. Caged up like canaries. Hello. And it seems we're not alone.
GRETA: Emilio!
DOCTOR: Ah.

DOCTOR [OC]: Emilio, can you hear us?
EMILIO [OC]: Who, who are you? Devils, I saw them.
GRETA [OC]: Emilio, it's all right. Please. I'm here. It's all right.
DOCTOR [OC]: Listen to me, Emilio.

DOCTOR: You are feeling very sleepy. You're at home, in your bed, and outside is darkness.
EMILIO: I am at home.
DOCTOR: Yes.
EMILIO: In my bed.
DOCTOR: Yes, that's good. Let yourself rest. Let yourself drift into a deep sleep.
EMILIO: But I, I, oh, so tired.
DOCTOR: Yes.
GRETA: What did you do?
DOCTOR: I've induced a mild hypnotic trance to help calm him down. Poor fellow, he's had a considerable psychic shock.
GRETA: Will he be all right?
DOCTOR: Given time.
GRETA: The devils he mentioned, they were real. We saw them.
DOCTOR: Yes.
GRETA: Doctor
DOCTOR: Yes, yes, yes, we did. But, well, they weren't devils. They were Silurians.
GRETA: Silurians?
DOCTOR: Mmm, yeah. An ancient race that ruled the Earth while humanity was still in its infancy, many hundreds of thousands of years ago. A race of great scientific knowledge

DOCTOR [OC]: And a highly sophisticated civilisation. They built vast cities, tamed
SH'VAK: Tulok, the ape creature called the Doctor. It seems to have heard of our people.
TULOK: But that is impossible, Sh'vak. None of the other apes have known about us. How can this one have knowledge the others do not?
SH'VAK: You know what this means. Perhaps these creatures have met us before.
TULOK: But how? None of the other Silurian clans survived. We are the only ones left.
SH'VAK: But how else could this creature have heard of us?
TULOK: If it does know about us, Sh'vak, then it will be dangerous. I shall have it slaughtered.
SH'VAK: No, Tulok. This ape creature could be useful.
TULOK: Useful?
SH'VAK: We need to find out how it knows about our people. We must learn more about these creatures, whether they could threaten our plans.
TULOK: You will be allowed to question it.
DOCTOR [OC]: Then there was a catastrophe. Within a matter of years, the surface of the planet became quite unsuitable for life. The seas boiled,

DOCTOR: Turned to acid and terrible storms blacked out the skies. The world was a desolate, poisonous wasteland.
GRETA: But if that is so, how can they be here now?
DOCTOR: The Silurians decided to put themselves into hibernation, in bunkers hidden deep underground, intending to sleep out the disaster and wait for the planet to heal itself. Once it had recovered, they would then return to the surface.
GRETA: But?
DOCTOR: But they overslept.
GRETA: Ah.
DOCTOR: Years passed, and the Earth not only healed itself, it blossomed. Nature covered the globe once more, filling every corner with new species of plants and animals. While the Silurians remained dormant, the world above was reborn. The lifeless planet they had abandoned was transformed into the world you live in today.
GRETA: Why did they not wake up?
DOCTOR: I'm not sure. Perhaps they forgot to set their alarm clocks. Careless, really.
GRETA: And now they have come back.
DOCTOR: Yes. Yes, they have come back.
(Emilio moans.)
GRETA: Emilio? What have they done to him?
DOCTOR: I'm afraid he has reverted to the level of his primitive ancestors.

(Rowing.)
EVELYN: This mist never lets up, does it? Brr. Oh, are you all right with those oars, Charles? You look as though you didn't get any sleep at all last night.
DARWIN: It has been preying on my mind. The change in the birds' behaviour. I have observed elsewhere the effect an introduced predator can have on an aboriginal species. It seems that in this case the birds have acquired a fear of their new predator.
EVELYN: You mean man.
DARWIN: Quite. But birds are not clever creatures. They do not learn. One might be captured by the same method day after day. They do not confer or teach their young. The arrival of man has changed their behaviour, yes, but how?
EVELYN: And?
DARWIN: Well, it occurs to me that in a population of birds they have some that are more timid than others. The variety that are bold will quickly be killed, which means only those which are most cautious will be the ones who will breed.
EVELYN: Of course.
DARWIN: And it would appear that the progeny of these birds retain that timidity. Somehow that characteristic is transferred from one generation to the next. until eventually the entire population consists of those who've inherited that aspect.
EVELYN: That's very clever.
DARWIN: It resembles the process of domestication, but in reverse. Rather than breeding the tamest of horses or cattle, we have a process which favours those which have an instinctive fear. That instinct becomes predominant. Oh, I'm sorry. You must be worried about your friend. You don't want to have me boring you with my theories of nature.

EVELYN: Oh, not at all, Charles. Not at all.

DOCTOR: Each of us, deep down, retains certain experiences from previous generations on a subconscious level. A race memory, if you like.
GRETA: And Emilio is remembering?
DOCTOR: Yes. Well, no. No, more than that. Many centuries ago humanity was very different from how it is now. Mankind was essentially a species of apes. A very special type called Australopithecus, but apes nonetheless. And for Emilio, well, the clock has been turned back.
GRETA: No, I won't believe it.
DOCTOR: I've seen it before, and the most powerful emotion he is feeling is fear. A huge, overriding fear of these creatures, the Silurians, buried deep into the instinct. The shock must have brought that fear to the surface and caused centuries of progress to unravel.
GRETA: But that is horrible!
DOCTOR: But not, I hope, irreversible. Emilio? Can you hear me?
GRETA: Emilio? Say something, please.
DOCTOR: Listen to me. Concentrate on my voice.
EMILIO: Oh, oh, who.
DOCTOR: Yes?
EMILIO: Who is, who is that? Where, where am I?
DOCTOR: I'm here to help you. I am the Doctor. I have Greta with me.
EMILIO: Doctor.
DOCTOR: Good. Now, I want you to think back. You are a fisherman. You live in Baquerizo Moreno.
EMILIO: I, I remember. Yes.
DOCTOR: Yes. Now, I want you to go back to the last thing you remember. Where are you?
EMILIO: I am by the lake, El Junco.
DOCTOR: What time is it?
EMILIO: It's midday. The sun is bright. It is so hot. I have brought my nets ashore to dry. But
DOCTOR: What? What is it?
EMILIO: There is a cave. I have not seen it before. It is so dark, so black.
DOCTOR: You want to cool off. Go inside the cave.
EMILIO: No! I see! There are creatures in there! They are devils, with three eyes! They have found me!
DOCTOR: Emilio, the fear that you feel, I want you to put it in the back of your mind. Put the fear in the darkness where it belongs.
EMILIO: It's so dark.
DOCTOR: Now step out into the light. Into the light. Now, wake up. (snaps fingers) Wake up.
(Emilio gasps.)
GRETA: Emilio, are you all right?
EMILIO: (crying) Greta, where am I?
(Door unlocked and opened.)
SH'VAK: Doctor, come with me.

DARWIN: Careful, the wood is very slippery. Hold on while I secure the boat.
EVELYN: Oh, I'm rather getting the hang of this. Where is everybody?
DARWIN: Either out in their boats or in their homes. This is not a hospitable country. People keep to themselves. (walking) Evelyn, what we were discussing earlier about the birds' behaviour.
EVELYN: Yes, you said how they could become more wild.
DARWIN: Perhaps the process may also favour other differences within a species. If a larger beak means a bird can eat more food, then in times of shortage that bird may survive when others may not, and that advantage would be carried on into further generations.
EVELYN: Which would explain why the birds on each island are slightly different, I suppose.
DARWIN: Yes. A small change in the environment may give rise to a new variety, better equipped for survival as the rest are driven to extinction.
EVELYN: A sort of survival of the fittest.
DARWIN: What an odd expression. Obviously the most fittest are suited to survive, that's what fittest means. No, no, it is more of a descent, with modification.

(Walking on metal, door slides open.)
DOCTOR: And this would be the no, no, don't tell me, kitchen? Not sure about the work surfaces, I must say. Ah, wait. It's your laboratory, isn't it?

(Door slides shut.)
DOCTOR: Very good. But they so often are, aren't they.
SH'VAK: I wish to speak to you. Sit here.
DOCTOR: Oh hello, what's this? You've been augmenting bacterial cultures. This is most fascinating.
SH'VAK: Sit down, Doctor, or you will be forced to.
DOCTOR: Oh. Oh well, if you say so. Here? Oh, not very comfortable, but I suppose I could get used Ah! Oh! Ah!
(Sound of automatic restraints.)
DOCTOR: It's all right, I wasn't going anywhere. Are you in charge here?
SH'VAK: I am Primary Scientist Sh'vak. Our leader, Tulok, will join us soon.
DOCTOR: Sh'vak, I would shake your hand but unfortunately. So how can I help you?
SH'VAK: We have observed your conversation in the enclosure.
DOCTOR: Ah, I thought you seemed remarkably well-informed.
SH'VAK: You seem to know a great deal about us, too.
DOCTOR: Do I? Yes, yes, I suppose I do. One tries.
SH'VAK: We are the only survivors of our people. We had not made our presence known. So how could you possibly have heard of us?
DOCTOR: You are the only survivors? Is that what you believe?
SH'VAK: Yes. All of the others were destroyed during the Great Hibernation.
DOCTOR: I'm afraid not, Sh'vak. You're right, most of your people were lost. Most, but not all. Some did survive, in small isolated pockets throughout the globe.
SH'VAK: And you have met these survivors?
DOCTOR: Yes. Well, er, no. Well, yes, but not yet.
SH'VAK: Do all of you ape creatures know of our race?
DOCTOR: Ape creatures? (sighs) Human beings. No, they don't.
SH'VAK: That is good. If they knew of our existence they could pose a threat.
DOCTOR: Pose a threat? Oh, for goodness' sake. Look, you're not
SH'VAK: This is our home, Doctor. The ape creatures are an infestation.
DOCTOR: Those ape creatures are as entitled to the world as you are.
SH'VAK: They are vermin that have overrun our planet
DOCTOR: The planet you abandoned! You can't just leave a world unoccupied for a hundred thousand years and expect it to remain unchanged. Nature abhors a vacuum.
SH'VAK: We were here first.
DOCTOR: We were here first? Oh, that's the basis for your argument, isn't it. This isn't a game of musical chairs, you know. Why do you always need to destroy rival species? Why can't you try to *share* the Earth? It's big enough for both of you.
SH'VAK: Doctor, if the situations were reversed, would the ape creatures be prepared to share the world with us? I don't think so. They have no qualms about annihilating inferior races, nor should we.
DOCTOR: But don't you see? A peaceful solution is the only solution. If you declare war, then the humans will simply
(Door opens.)
TULOK: Yes, Doctor? What will the humans do?
DOCTOR: Ah, you would be Tulok, I presume?
TULOK: Indeed.
(Door closes.)
TULOK: You will tell us about the ape creature. You will tell us about their weapons and their technology. And then, armed with that knowledge, we shall exterminate them.

(Knock on door, door opens.)
MAN: Governor. Two of the people from the boat to see you.
LAWSON: Well, show them in, man.
(Door closes.)
LAWSON: Ah, Mister Darwin and Miss Smythe, isn't it? Please, do come in.
EVELYN: Governor Lawson, I'll come straight to the point.
LAWSON: Of course, of course. You must be worried about your companion, the Doctor.
DARWIN: That's right. Has there been any sight of him?
LAWSON: I'm afraid I do not have much to tell. He did not return to the meeting house. My guards searched throughout the night but with no success, alas.
EVELYN: But he must be somewhere. The Doctor has many qualities, but being inconspicuous is certainly not one of them.

LAWSON: If the Doctor were here, my guards would have found him.
EVELYN: Maybe your guards aren't as efficient as you think. Come on, Charles. I don't think we're going to get anywhere here.
DARWIN: Evelyn.
(Door opens.)
LAWSON: I regret I cannot be of more assistance. Of course, should the Doctor surface
EVELYN: Somehow I think we've got a better chance of finding him ourselves.
LAWSON: You are of course welcome to conduct your own search. Now, if you will do me the courtesy, good day to you. Good day.
(Door closes.)

TULOK: You are from the marine transport?
DOCTOR: Marine? Oh, you mean the Beagle. So you've noticed that the people from the ship are different to the natives of the island. That's interesting.
SH'VAK: They are scientists, like you, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Yes. How'd you know that? Of course, it's Lawson, isn't it? The Governor of the island. Been keeping you up to date with the local gossip, has he?
TULOK: We have observed the marine transport.
DOCTOR: And you're controlling him by some sort of post-hypnotic instruction, I should imagine. One of the uses for that third eye of yours.
TULOK: It affords us a certain influence over primitive lifeforms. The marine transport, does it carry any weaponry?
DOCTOR: Oh, Tulok, you really are a very tiresome fellow.
(Sonic - or rather, Silurian third eye - weapon gets louder, the Doctor whimpers.)
TULOK: Doctor, you will tell us what we want to know. What weapons are on the marine transport?
DOCTOR: They have projectile weapons based on chemical explosives, that is all.
TULOK: So, the apes are fairly industrialised. Do they know anything of genetics? Nuclear fusion?
DOCTOR: (in pain) No, don't. I, no. No, I'm afraid you've woken up a century and a half too early for that.
TULOK: Good. They will not be able to offer us any resistance.
DOCTOR: You're wrong. In the end, they will fight you and they will win. Argh!
TULOK: They are not capable.
DOCTOR: Please, please, listen to me. Make peace with the humans. It is the only way.
TULOK: No. The Earth will be ours.
SILURIAN [OC]: Leader Tulok.
(Silurian weapon powers down.)
TULOK: Yes?
SILURIAN [OC]: A radio communication.
DOCTOR: Lawson, I should expect. If he asks you out to dinner, bearing in mind his preferred menu, my advice is to politely decline.
TULOK: Sh'vak, continue with the interrogation.
(Door slides open and closed. The Doctor sighs.)

(Walking through dry grass.)
DARWIN: Where are we going? And why did you speak to the Governor like that?
EVELYN: Oh, I don't think our friend Governor Lawson is all he seems.
DARWIN: What do you mean?
EVELYN: At what point last night did you notice that the Doctor had gone missing?
DARWIN: I'm not sure. It was late. Shortly before we were due to leave. I don't see how
EVELYN: It was after Lawson had already left the meeting house. He couldn't have known that the Doctor had gone, so
DARWIN: My word, you're right. So how did he know that we'd come back to look for him unless
EVELYN: Unless he already knew what had happened to the Doctor.
DARWIN: You think his guards have found him.
EVELYN: I'm sure of it.
DARWIN: So where are we going now?
EVELYN: Up there. The jail house.

LAWSON [OC]: Masters.
TULOK: Speak, Lawson.

LAWSON [OC]: There were two people here, from the boat. They were asking about the Doctor. I managed to convince them that I didn't know where he was, I think, but they are getting suspicious.
TULOK: You think they could threaten our plans?
LAWSON [OC]: I do, yes.
TULOK: They will be destroyed.

EMILIO: Greta. Greta, where are we?
GRETA: The Doctor said we were far underground.
EMILIO: And the devils I saw?
GRETA: The Doctor knows about them. Don't worry. There's nothing to fear.
(Door opens. Heavy breathing. Silurian weapon sound, Greta screams. Thuds.)

(Door opens.)
DARWIN: I don't understand. Where are all the guards?
EVELYN: You'd think they'd bother to lock the front door, unless the reputation of the place is enough to keep the people out. Or
DARWIN: It doesn't make any sense. A jail house with no guards, unlocked doors?
EVELYN: And no prisoners. Look.
(Cell door creaks.)
DARWIN: All of the cells are empty. That's ridiculous. This island, this whole place, is a prison.

EVELYN [OC]: So where have they all gone?
DARWIN [OC]: Well, maybe your friend the Doctor isn't here.
EVELYN [OC]: These marks on the walls. They continue into the cell.
LAWSON: Go on, go on.
DARWIN [OC]: Look out! Get back!
(Cell door closes.)
EVELYN [OC]: That was close. Nearly took my arm off. Another second and we'd have been stuck in there.
DARWIN [OC]: It's locked itself. All the cells, they're all locked. But how?
EVELYN [OC]: Automatically. Charles, I think we'd better leave now.
LAWSON: Yes, Miss Smythe. Why don't you try to do just that.

SH'VAK: Doctor, you will recover. I have no wish to inflict gratuitous pain.
DOCTOR: Thank you.
SH'VAK: Tell me about the other Silurian clans that survived.
DOCTOR: Who told you that you were the only ones left? Was it Tulok? How interesting.
TULOK [OC]: Sh'vak, the ape creature must be returned to its enclosure.
SH'VAK: But I have not yet finished my questioning.
TULOK [OC]: There is no time. We will be launching an attack on the creature's marine vessel.
DOCTOR: What? The Beagle? No! No, you mustn't! Help me, Sh'vak. The people on that boat are innocent. You must help me warn them.
SH'VAK: No, Doctor. There is nothing I can do.

DARWIN: Oh, my Lord.
(Thumps on door.)
DARWIN: We're shut in.
EVELYN: So that's why they don't need guards. It's all automated. Somebody must know we're in here. There must be, I don't know, some sort of hidden camera or something.
DARWIN: Camera? You mean we've been detected? By whom?
EVELYN: Our friend the Governor, perhaps. Or. Wait. Shh.
(Metal scraping sound.)
EVELYN: That is just typical. A secret passage.
DARWIN: Why would somebody build a
EVELYN: Never mind that, Charles. It's the only way out and we can't stay here. Come on. Now, somewhere in here. Ah. Yes. There we are.
(Sounds like she's rummaged in her capacious handbag for a torch and turned it on.)
EVELYN: Steps going down.
DARWIN: That device you are using, what is it?
EVELYN: Oh, this? A torch. It works by. Well, don't worry about how it works, just be thankful it does.

Shall we?
DARWIN: If you're sure.
EVELYN: I'm not sure of anything, except that moving is better than staying here waiting for Lawson or whoever to catch up with us.

DOCTOR: Oh, charming. Oh, Greta. Greta, wake up.
GRETA: Oh, Doctor, you're alive. What happened to you?
DOCTOR: The Silurians and I had a little chat. Most instructive. Well, for them at least. But where's Emilio?
GRETA: Emilio? I, I don't remember. The creatures
DOCTOR: The Silurians?
GRETA: Yes, they took him away. But I'm not sure. I fell asleep. What do you think has happened to him?
DOCTOR: Oh, I wish I knew. At the moment I'm also rather concerned about what the Silurians have planned for the Beagle.
GRETA: Your ship?
DOCTOR: Silurians are frightened of humans. They pretend not to be, but they are. And because they're scared, that makes them dangerous. Desperate, even.
GRETA: What do you think they will do?
DOCTOR: I don't know.
(Door clangs.)
GRETA: Oh, what was that? The door is not locked?
DOCTOR: No, it seems not. That is very odd.
GRETA: We must get back to your ship and warn them.
DOCTOR: Yes. Somehow I don't think we're going to get another chance. Come on!

(Water sounds.)
EVELYN: So, how deep do you think we are?
DARWIN: A hundred fathoms or more.
EVELYN: What's that?
DARWIN: What?
EVELYN: Shh.
DARWIN: It sounds like some kind of mechanical engine.
EVELYN: I think it's getting wider up ahead.
DARWIN: And another thing. These walls, they're smooth. They feel as if they've been mined.
EVELYN: We might as well get a move on. We can't turn back, and just around the corner
DARWIN: My Lord! It looks like a mausoleum.
EVELYN: There must be hundreds of them.
DARWIN: What could be the purpose of such a place, if not a crypt?
EVELYN: I don't now. But if it is a tomb, what are all these pipes and valves doing here?
DARWIN: Some sort of foundry? But the sheer size of it beggars belief.
EVELYN: Whatever it is, it's giving me the creeps. These coffins are solid stone. Urgh, and they're wet.
DARWIN: Covered in some sort of algae residue. (sniffs) This is sea water. Perhaps the tomb is inundated at high tide?
EVELYN: Look, up ahead. I think that coffin is open. Oh, my goodness.
DARWIN: The smell. There's something in here.
EVELYN: What is it?
DARWIN: Some sort of lizard, I think, but it's rotted away almost to a skeleton.
EVELYN: You have the torch.
DARWIN: About the size and proportions of a man. Two arms, two legs.
EVELYN: But you said it was a lizard.
DARWIN: The flesh has decomposed, but the skin is scaled like an alligator's. The skull is of a strange aspect. There appears to be a socket for a third eye in the central ridge of the forehead. I've never seen anything like it.

(Alarm sounding, running feet.)
DOCTOR: Quick, this way.
TULOK [OC]: The ape creatures have escaped from their enclosure.
DOCTOR: Oh dear. It looks as though we've been missed.

GRETA: But how will we escape? They have sealed all the ways off.
DOCTOR: I think. Just hold this. If I can trip the hydraulic servo release. Right, now in here.
GRETA: Oh, what is this? We're moving!
DOCTOR: It's a lift. Don't worry, it's perfectly safe. Hopefully this will take us to the surface, if they don't shut us down first.
TULOK [OC]: The ape creatures are in the main lift shaft.
(Lift stops, gates open.)
GRETA: Oh no, where are we?
DOCTOR: Down there, look. Daylight. We've done it. This must be the cave that Emilio mentioned. Come on. I don't think we have time to loose.
GRETA: All right, all right.

LOKAN: The two ape creatures have left the cave at El Junco, and are heading towards the settlement. Shall I give the order for them to be recaptured?
TULOK: No, Lokan. You will allow them to return to their marine vessel.
LUKAN: I don't understand. You are deliberately allowing them to escape.
SILURIAN [OC]: Leader, two more ape creatures have been reported in the hibernation chambers.
TULOK: What!
LUKAN: The ape creature Lawson must have allowed them to enter our base.
TULOK: Lawson is not reliable. He will be disposed of.
SILURIAN [OC]: And the ape creatures?
TULOK: We can always use two more specimens.

GRETA: Oh, Doctor, the people in the village, should we not warn them about the Silurians?
DOCTOR: Later. Much later. Down here. Into the boat, quick. Jump. I only hope we can get to them in time.
(Rowing.)
DOCTOR: Whatever the Silurians are going to do, it isn't going to be pleasant.

DARWIN: Well, perhaps the process of descent through modification explains much more than varieties. Might not a variety eventually give rise to a new species?
EVELYN: You know, Charles, I think you're on to something. What was that?
(Clang, Silurian heavy breathing.)
EVELYN: Oh, my goodness.
(Silurian weapon, thuds.)

DOCTOR: Ahoy there! Captain! Captain Fitzroy!
FITZROY: Doctor, you're back. We were most concerned. And who is that with you?
DOCTOR: I'll explain later. Can you throw us down a rope ladder?
FITZROY: My dear sir, whatever has happened to you? Your clothes. You look exhausted.
(On deck.)
DOCTOR: Oh, there's no time. You have to get your men ashore immediately.
SEAMAN: Captain! Over here, on the port side.
FITZROY: What is it?
SEAMAN: There's something in the water.
FITZROY: What?
(Roar!)
FITZROY: What in the name of Heaven and Earth.
(Greta screams.)

[Part Three]

SEAMAN: Captain!
FITZROY: Quick! Quick, unpack the arms!
DOCTOR: That won't do any good. Call your men back, Fitzroy.
FITZROY: What do you mean, it won't do any good?
DOCTOR: You're not going to stop a thing like that with bullets. Call your men back! Now!
FITZROY: What do you propose we do?
DOCTOR: Get everyone below decks, before they all get killed. Greta, you too. Go now! Run!
FITZROY: Men, keep back! Keep back!

DOCTOR: And don't let it touch you, whatever you do. It carries a massive electrical charge.
(Fizz, crash.)
FITZROY: The ship can't take much more of this.
DOCTOR: Quick, do you have anything flammable? Oil?
FITZROY: We have the supply for the lamps, but
DOCTOR: This creature comes from the depths of the ocean. It normally lives in near-freezing water, in total darkness.
(Warriors of the Deep - http://www.chakoteya.net/DoctorWho/21-1.htm)
FITZROY: How does that help us?
DOCTOR: It's not used to heat and light. That's what we need right now.
FITZROY: Heat and light? What?
DOCTOR: We have to frighten it away. Empty that oil cask over the port side!
FITZROY: You're trying to set fire to the ocean? You can't be serious.
(Fizz! A sailor screams.)
DOCTOR: Do it! You don't have any choice.
FITZROY: You two, do as the Doctor says. That's an order!
SEAMAN: Yes, sir.
(Splash.)
FITZROY: I hope you know what you're doing, Doctor.
DOCTOR: So do I. (strikes match) Here goes.
(Flames. The sea creature roars. Wood breaks.)
FITZROY: It's not stopping. It's going to tear us to pieces. Doctor!
DOCTOR: That's strange, the fire should have driven it away. Why hasn't it given up?
FITZROY: It wants to kill us.
DOCTOR: No. No, I don't think that's the reason. Something is attracting it towards the boat. Below decks.
FITZROY: What do you mean?
DOCTOR: We've got to get below decks! Come on!

(Running down wooden steps.)
GRETA: Doctor, what is happening?
DOCTOR: Right, I want a complete search of the whole ship. Anything that you brought on board since coming to the island.
FITZROY: Anything that we've brought aboard?
DOCTOR: Yes. Food supplies, samples of the local bird life, anything at all.
FITZROY: But what are we looking for?
DOCTOR: I'm not sure, but I'll know it when we find it. If we find it in time.
(Beeping.)
GRETA: What is that?
DOCTOR: Sonic emission detector.
FITZROY: What does it do?
DOCTOR: It detects sonic emissions. Listen, a device has been placed on board the Beagle. A device that is sending out a homing signal to our scaly friend out there.
FITZROY: You mean it's being summoned?
DOCTOR: Exactly. And it will stop at nothing to reach the source of the signal. And anything that gets in its way will be matchwood.

LOKAN [OC]: The marine transport is under attack.
SH'VAK: I don't understand, Tulok. You have deliberately allowed the ape creatures to return to their craft to be killed?
TULOK Yes. It pleased me to us them as the means to their own destruction.

FITZROY: Doctor, we've gone through the whole ship and found nothing. Are you sure there's such a device on board?
DOCTOR: Yes! This indicator shows there is a homing device somewhere nearby. Somewhere
(Crash! Greta screams. Fizzing and sailors shouting.)
DOCTOR: Quick, everybody, down here. Down towards me. Fitzroy, Greta! Oh, I hoped I was wrong. The device summoning the creature, they've implanted it in Greta!
GRETA: It would kill you and everyone to try to reach me? No! I will not let it!
DOCTOR: No, Greta! Greta, come back!

(Greta screams. Silence.)
FITZROY: I'm sorry, Doctor.
DOCTOR: (sighs) Yes. Yes, so am I.
FITZROY: What was that thing?
DOCTOR: That? That, my dear Captain Fitzroy, was an adult Myrka.

LOKAN [OC]: The Myrka is moving away from the ape creature's vessel.
TULOK: I hope it enjoyed its meal.
SH'VAK: You were using a sonic implant. Their use in Myrka hunts is forbidden. It is excessively cruel.
TULOK: Sh'vak, the numbers of these ape creatures must be contained by any means necessary. You have prepared the bacterial culture?
SH'VAK: Yes. It is carried by an air-borne micro-organism. Unchecked, it will swiftly lead to a pandemic amongst the ape creatures. The plague will wipe out all but the newborn.
TULOK: And it kills quickly?
SH'VAK: Death is inevitable in a matter of minutes.
TULOK: Excellent.
LOKAN [OC]: Leader, the two ape creatures have been captured and placed in the enclosure.
TULOK: Good. We shall test the bacteria at once.

(Dripping water.)
EVELYN: Charles. Charles. Are you all right?
DARWIN: I feel so thirsty. My head aches, but otherwise I am well.
EVELYN: Oh, that's good to hear.
DARWIN: These creatures, they must be some form of lizard with a developed intelligence. I do not think I have ever seen anything more hideous, and yet the features resemble those of a human face.
EVELYN: What do you mean?
DARWIN: Don't you see? The patterns of life have repeated themselves. They are almost like a man. Descent through modification. This proves it.
EVELYN: You mean these are lizards that have evolved?
DARWIN: Evolved? No, no. These lizards have been modified into the form most suited to God's Earth, the form of Man, but
EVELYN: But?
DARWIN: I scarcely dare think it, let alone speak the words. Who is to say that mankind is not the result of the same process? That we are nothing more than, than modified
EVELYN: Go on.
(Door opens.)
LOKAN: Ape creatures.

FITZROY: Your fire has burnt itself out, Doctor. Fortunately, the damage is not too serious. Nothing we can't repair, given a day or so.
DOCTOR: You don't have that long. You've seen what these creatures are capable of. You must go while you have the chance.
FITZROY: Doctor, you're forgetting Mister Darwin and Miss Smythe.
DOCTOR: Mister Darwin and? Yes, where are they? Oh, don't tell me. They returned to the island to look for me, didn't they?
FITZROY: This morning. They should have come back by now.
DOCTOR: Right, I'm going to have to return to the island. Captain Fitzroy, if I'm not back by nightfall, you must leave without me.
FITZROY: I will give the instruction for my men to leave failing our return.
DOCTOR: Good. Wait a minute. *Our* return?
FITZROY: Oh, I'm coming with you, Doctor. I know better than to let you out of my sight a second time.
DOCTOR: (sighs) Oh, very well, if you insist. You can row.

EVELYN: What's this stuff they've given us? It looks like seaweed. (sniffs) Smells like seaweed.
DARWIN: Just as those creatures are to us nothing more than lizards that have developed intelligence
EVELYN: It *is* seaweed.
DARWIN: To them we are little more than apes.

EVELYN: Charles, are you sure this is the best time to discuss this?
DARWIN: But don't you see? There is nothing to set Man apart from nature. We are as much its subjects as any other creature. There was no Eden. It is a myth. No, it is not even a myth. It is a lie.

(Rowing.)
FITZROY: So what do you believe has become of Mister Darwin and Miss Smythe, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Well, if they were searching for me, the first thing they would have done is go and see the Governor of the island.
FITZROY: Lawson! But you said he was in league with these creatures.
DOCTOR: Yes, Lawson's been imprisoning innocent people and handing them over to the Silurians.
FITZROY: Why? What do they want with them?
DOCTOR: That's what I'm hoping he will tell me.

(Knock on door.)
LAWSON: Yes, what is it? I'm extremely busy.
(Door opens.)
LAWSON: Captain Fitzroy! Doctor!
(Door closes.)
DOCTOR: You weren't expecting to see me so soon.
LAWSON: Not at all. I mean, I'm delighted to find you alive.
DOCTOR: Surprised too, I dare say.
FITZROY: Sit down, Lawson.
LAWSON: Captain Fitzroy, I beg your pardon.
DOCTOR: We know what you've been up to.
LAWSON: I will hear none of this. Guard! Guard!
FITZROY: I'm afraid you'll find that your men are otherwise occupied.
LAWSON: What?
DOCTOR: Oh, there was a small fire at the harbour. Well, it was small to start with.
LAWSON: How dare you!
DOCTOR: Quiet! Lawson, I want you to answer me. Why have you been sending innocent to jail?
LAWSON: They are not innocent. They are traitors to the Federal Government. They deserve
DOCTOR: To die? Is that what you think has happened to them? Is that what was supposed to have happened to me?
LAWSON: I, I don't know. They said
DOCTOR: Oh, let me tell you, Lawson. I am a very, very difficult man to kill. I'm not going to waste time. We know that you're acting on behalf of the Silurians.
LAWSON: You will regret interfering, Doctor. They are powerful and merciless.
DOCTOR: And you are their slave, Lawson. They take weaknesses such as vanity and greed and petty cruelty, and they twist them to control your mind. And since you display those qualities in such abundance, I'm sure they didn't find it too difficult.
LAWSON: What are you doing?
DOCTOR: You've seen a pocket watch before, haven't you? Just follow it with your eyes. See how the light flickers as it spins. Concentrate.
LAWSON: Ha! I think you'll find I'm not suscept. not suscept. Ah.
FITZROY: What are you doing, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Just a little mesmeric influence. Governor Lawson, can you hear me?
LAWSON: Doctor, I hear you.
DOCTOR: You were visited earlier today by two friends of mine, Evelyn and Charles.
LAWSON: I remember. They had come looking for you. I said I had not seen you.
DOCTOR: Where did they go next?
LAWSON: They went to the jail house, and then they were delivered to my masters.
FITZROY: You sent them to be executed? Damn you, man.
LAWSON: No, no, not executed. My masters are collecting specimens.
DOCTOR: Specimens?

LAWSON [OC]: Of humans. They allow me to pick and choose subjects who will not be missed. I send them off to the jail house and they never come back. (laughs)
FITZROY [OC]: I do not believe it. That is absolutely monstrous.
SH'VAK: The ape creature Lawson has betrayed us. I said he was too weak-minded.
TULOK: Lokan, have you tested the bacteria on the ape creatures yet?

LOKAN [OC]: Not yet, Leader. We were about
TULOK: Good. I have a better subject in mind.

DOCTOR: How do you communicate with them, your masters?
LAWSON: They speak to me through the air. It is a marvel.
DOCTOR: Ah. Now here's your marvel. A simple two-way video link.
(Presses buttons, bang!)
DOCTOR: Oh dear. Butterfingers. And presumably you control the jail house from here? A fully-automated system complete with hidden surveillance cameras. And this operates the jail doors, I take it.
LAWSON: The jail doors, yes.
DOCTOR: A concealed passageway which leads directly to the Silurians' bunker. Right. I'll just jam the settings and er ah! Ah ha!
(Picks up heavy object and smashes it down on the controls.)
DOCTOR: That should stop you unjamming them.
FITZROY: We are leaving, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Yes, yes. There's one more thing I must do. Lawson.
LAWSON: Yes, Doctor?
DOCTOR: The Silurians have a grip on your mind, but you can break free from that grip. I can help you to do it.
LAWSON: To be free, to be the person I was before?
DOCTOR: Yes.
LAWSON: Or to serve my masters. (laughs)
DOCTOR: I'm giving you the choice. But remember, if you want to be free, that means you must live with the consequences of your actions. You can't run or hide. You will have to make peace with your conscience.
LAWSON: No, I can't do that.
DOCTOR: Are you sure?
LAWSON: I am, Doctor.
FITZROY: You're saying you'd prefer to be controlled by these monsters than have a will of your own?
DOCTOR: It's time we were gone. Captain Fitzroy, after you.
FITZROY: But surely
DOCTOR: No, he's made his choice. Come on.
(Door closes. Lawson continues to laugh.)
LAWSON: Masters? I have served you well, haven't I? Please, I beg you, tell me that I've served you well. Masters! Masters, where are you? Why can't I hear you talk to me any more?

EVELYN: It's no good, there's no way out. Not a ventilation shaft in sight.
DARWIN: Some years ago, before I joined the expedition, I was training to be a surgeon, and a very poor surgeon I made. You know why?
EVELYN: No, but I'm desperate for you to tell me.
DARWIN: My faith. Because I thought a man has been created in God's image, and I couldn't bear the thought of us being anything less. But during surgery, we opened up the bodies. It was the same bloody collection of mortal organs that you'd see in an abattoir. Inside, we're no different from the animals, and that's what scared me.
EVELYN: It *scared* you?
DARWIN: Because I think, even then, I realised we are just animals. It is only through our arrogance we put ourselves above them. Such supreme vanity that we think ourselves the image of some God!
EVELYN: Sit down, Charles. You're not going to help us by shouting.
DARWIN: But I *believed*, Evelyn. I truly believed.

(Walking in water.)
FITZROY: Where are we, Doctor?
DOCTOR: This tunnel leads down to the Silurians' bunker.
FITZROY: This is the route that those poor unfortunate souls took?
DOCTOR: Yes.
FITZROY: But why? What do these Silurian fellows want with us?
DOCTOR: Specimens, Lawson said. But I don't think I'd necessarily believe him if he said that all the world's oceans were a bit on the wet side. Hello.
FITZROY: Oh, my word. What is this place?

DOCTOR: Captain, this is the Silurians' hibernation chamber.
FITZROY: Their what chamber?
DOCTOR: Many hundreds of thousands of years ago, the Silurians put themselves into a deep sleep in chambers like these. Impressive, isn't it?
FITZROY: You're saying that they put themselves into these coffin things?
DOCTOR: Exactly. Terrible disaster had befallen the Earth, you see, and their intention was to wake up after it was all over.
FITZROY: It's like a tomb.
DOCTOR: Yes, yes. Yes, it is a tomb of sorts. Look.
(Scraping of stone on stone.)
FITZROY: Oh, what is that?
DOCTOR: That's a Silurian. Or rather, it was once. They never did wake up, you see. And of course eventually the cryogenic seals rotted away, and, well, as the chamber flooded with sea water, they're dead. They're all dead.
FITZROY: And that sludge is all that's left?
DOCTOR: Considering their age, they're remarkably well-preserved. We're talking about something that happened hundreds of thousands of years ago. Ah ha.
FITZROY: What is it?
DOCTOR: The control unit for the hibernation chamber. If you'll just give me a hand, it's quite corroded.
(Effort.)
DOCTOR: Heavy to open. Ah! (relief) Now, let's see. That's the timing mechanism that was supposed to bring the Silurians out of hibernation. There must have been some malfunction, I suppose. Hello. Now this is very, very interesting.
FITZROY: What?
DOCTOR: It was no accident.
FITZROY: Doctor! There's someone coming.
DOCTOR: I think we'd better get out of here. Follow me.

DARWIN: It all fits the theory. Everything in nature is the result of the same fixed laws.
EVELYN: What about these lizard creatures? Where do they fit in the grand scheme of things?
DARWIN: Have you noticed the third eye they have in the crest of their foreheads? They must possess some measure of power beyond our comprehension, because they managed to overcome both of us without using any physical force.
EVELYN: Telepathy?
DARWIN: So *they* are the more developed species.
EVELYN: So what do you think they're going to do with us?
DARWIN: What does any species do to its inferiors?

FITZROY: (breathless) One moment, Doctor, please. I can barely see where I am going.
DOCTOR: All right, Captain. I think we're safe now.
FITZROY: Those, those things back there were Silurians, I take it?
DOCTOR: Yes. Luckily I don't think they saw us. Did you see they were taking the passage leading up to the jail house?
FITZROY: But that means they were going to the settlement.
DOCTOR: Yes. I wonder what they want there? Hmm.
FITZROY: Oh, it's freezing.
DOCTOR: Yes, you're right. Yes, it is a bit chilly. Stay close to me. Oh, it's getting lighter up ahead.
FITZROY: These walls, they're solid ice and, Doctor!
DOCTOR: Hmm? Oh. So that's what's happened to all the missing prisoners. Of course.
FITZROY: What is this place?
DOCTOR: I should have thought that was obvious. Corpses hanging by hooks from the ceiling like so many bloated bags of grey and white mottled flesh? Doesn't it remind you of anything?
FITZROY: Of course it does. They're like carcasses in a, in a butcher's shop.
DOCTOR: Exactly. This is the Silurians' larder.
FITZROY: What do you mean?
DOCTOR: They eat people.
FITZROY: But that is monstrous, absolutely monstrous!
DOCTOR: Is it? All species prey on lesser species. That's how nature works. Just because Man doesn't happen to be the top of this particular food chain, well, that doesn't make it wrong.

FITZROY: How could you say such a thing? They're human beings, hung up there like
DOCTOR: Like cattle? To the Silurians, that's all humans are.
FITZROY: We are not. We have morality, culture. We have immortal souls. We're not just dumb animals to be butchered.
DOCTOR: As far as the Silurians are concerned, that is exactly what you are. Dumb animals, that have, unfortunately, multiplied out of control and overrun the planet.
FITZROY: But if that is true, that is inhuman.
SH'VAK: But we are not human.
FITZROY: Get back. Get back. What are you?
SH'VAK: The Doctor was right. We are the superior race. We are Silurians.
FITZROY: No!
DOCTOR: Fitzroy, no! It's no use.
(Silurian weapon.)
FITZROY: No, no, no. I can't.
DOCTOR: Sh'vak, I must talk to you. It's terribly important.
SH'VAK: Silence. You will come with us.

(Door opens.)
LAWSON: Master, I could not hear you or speak to you. I believe the Doctor destroyed your marvels. Master, it's me, your servant, Lawson. Your loyal and obedient servant.
TULOK: Obedient servant?
(Door closes.)
LAWSON: Yes, master. I've served you well, haven't I?
TULOK: We shall see. In this container is a microscopic bacteria. Once released, it will strip your flesh from your bones. It will then spread rapidly through the air to feed on every adult ape creature in the settlement. Within an hour, you will all be dead. I want you to open the container, Lawson.
LAWSON: No. I won't. I
TULOK: You will obey. Open it.
(Hiss.)
LAWSON: But there's nothing in there. You were testing me, weren't you, master?
TULOK: The punishment for failure is death.
LAWSON: I don't understand, mast (gasps) No, what's happening to me? It burns! My hands!
TULOK: You should be grateful. Even as your body is eaten away, you assist the Silurian race. Thanks to you, the Earth will soon be ours.
(Lawson screams, then gurgles into liquid.)

DOCTOR: Sh'vak, you must listen to me. You were asking about the other Silurian colonies, whether any had survived? I know what happened.
SH'VAK: Both of you, in there.
DOCTOR: Wait. Ow!
(Door shuts.)
EVELYN: Doctor. Oh, at last. I knew you'd turn up eventually.
FITZROY: Charles! And Miss Smythe. You're well?
DARWIN: Much the better for seeing you, Captain. And the Doctor. I have so many questions for you.
DOCTOR: I'm sure you do, but they will have to wait. Evelyn, Charles, have the Silurians harmed either of you at all?
EVELYN: No, I wouldn't say they. What did you call them? Silurians?
DOCTOR: Yes.
EVELYN: I wouldn't say they've been the perfect hosts but, apart from keeping us cooped up in here, they haven't *done* anything.
DOCTOR: That's something, at least.
DARWIN: What is it, Doctor? Fitzroy?
FITZROY: You tell them, Doctor. I cannot stomach it.
DOCTOR: The Governor of this island, Lawson, he's been imprisoning innocent people and supplying them to the Silurians.
EVELYN: We'd guessed as much. Wait, what do you mean, supplying them?
DOCTOR: Lawson has been providing the Silurians with their source of food.
DARWIN: My God.
DOCTOR: Fitzroy and I visited their deep-freeze. It was er, well-stocked.
EVELYN: You mean? That's horrible.

DOCTOR: Oh, it's going to get a good deal more horrible than that.
DARWIN: What are you saying, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Let me explain. Hundreds of thousands of years ago, the Silurians ruled the Earth. Also at this time, Man was at a very early stage in his development and was little better
DARWIN: Than a primitive ape.
DOCTOR: Exactly. Presumably at that time, the Silurians were farming those primitive ape creatures for food, in much the same way that you would farm chickens or goats. Anyway,

DOCTOR [OC]: The Silurians had to go into hibernation, and whilst they were asleep
DARWIN: The ape creatures that were left behind began to change gradually and through process of descent through modification.
SH'VAK: These creatures believe they are the result of natural selection? They do not realise their true nature.
LOKAN: Sh'vak, should I have them slaughtered?
SH'VAK: No, Lokan. No, not yet. There is still more to be learned from the one called the Doctor. He knows about the Great Hibernation.

(Crash of thunder.)
TANNOY: Gortal Clan report to hibernation chamber four. Gortal Clan, report.
TANNOY 2: Temperature is reduced to twenty below freezing. I repeat, the temperature has dropped to.
SILURIAN: S'Rel Tulok, the penalty for your crimes is death. However, in recognition of your past achievements we are prepared to show you mercy. You will be banished to the Earth's surface.
(Lift arrives.)
SH'VAK: There is nothing I can do. I'm sorry.
TULOK: Don't let them do this. Those cowards, they dare to condemn *me.* And my creatures. What will happen to my creatures?
(Door opens.)
TULOK: No, no, Sh'vak. Sh'vak, don't leave me out here. Sh'vak, don't leave me out here.
(Door closes.)
SH'VAK: Tulok.
TULOK: Sh'vak, I knew you could not betray me.
SH'VAK: You saved my life once. I will never forget that. We haven't got much time. We must get to the hibernation chambers.
TULOK: The hibernation chambers? Not yet. I must know what's happened to my creatures.
SH'VAK: The genetic augmentations? Why do you care what happens to them?
SILURIAN: Release the monstrosities onto the planet's surface to join their creator. The vengeance of nature shall sweep them both away.
TULOK: The cages, they are empty. They're all empty! Argh,
SH'VAK: We are too late. They must have sent them out onto the surface.
TULOK: Oh, my creatures. (can't make it out) for the primitive beasts into sentient beings, something that is almost our equal. That is why they called them monsters. That is why they are frightened of what I have achieved. I improved their flavour, I made them breed faster, I made them resistant to disease. Our leaders were satisfied enough then. But then I made them intelligent enough to cultivate themselves. I gave them their own minds.
SH'VAK: Tulok, we must go.
TULOK: But now all my work has been destroyed. I will not forgive this.
SH'VAK: There's nothing you can do. The Triad leaders have all entered suspended animation. It's time we joined them.
TULOK: I shall have my revenge.

(Door slides open)
TULOK: Sh'vak.
SH'VAK: Tulok.
(Door slides closed.)
SH'VAK: How did the bacteria perform in the test?
TULOK: It was most satisfactory. The plague spread rapidly throughout the settlement. All but the new-born have now been destroyed. Sh'vak, start mass-producing the bacteria.
SH'VAK: Yes, Leader.
TULOK: We shall depart for the mainland as soon as possible. Once there, we will release the

infection into the atmosphere. We will sweep the adult humans from the face of the Earth in a tide of blood.
SH'VAK: And the infants that remain?
TULOK: As we repopulate the planet, they will become our slaves, except of course for those we bring to the slaughter.
LOKAN [OC]: Leader Tulok, the ape creatures. We have two more captives.
TULOK: Excellent. I have developed an appetite.

DARWIN: That's where we came from. That is the origin of our species. We are just these lizard men's cattle.
FITZROY: Charles, but what you're saying, it's beyond blasphemy.
DARWIN: What, that Man is a result not of divine providence but the struggle for survival? Oh, we assume that the abundance of nature is proof of the Lord's existence, but what if that is not so? What if our existence is just the result of blind chance?
FITZROY: What do you mean?
DARWIN: A God that did not create the world, the oceans, and animals, and the plants. A God that did not make Man. A God responsible for nothing may as well be no God at all. Do you not agree, Doctor?
EVELYN: Doctor?
DOCTOR: I don't know. But I'll tell you one thing. In the skies above us are a billion suns, each circled by their own worlds. And on those worlds, wherever there is the *opportunity* for life, you will find it. That is the miracle. Life endures. It thrives. It defeats every adversity. It creates order out of chaos. Above us is a universe full of wonder, and we are just
(Door opens.)
TULOK: You humans, you did not evolve from apes by accident. You are the product of my genetic engineering. I created you. I am your God.

[Part Four]

DARWIN: What in the name of all that's
TULOK: You are *my* creatures. I raised you up from amongst the animals. You belong to me.
FITZROY: Never!
TULOK: You, the humans from the marine transport, come with me.
DARWIN: No. We are not your creatures.
TULOK: You cannot resist. Your minds are but clay in my hands. You will obey me.
(Silurian third eye weapon, cries of pain.)
TULOK: You are now under my direction. Follow.
DARWIN + FITZROY: Yes, master.
(Door closes.)
EVELYN: Doctor, where's it taking them?
DOCTOR: I'm not sure.
EVELYN: What did that creature mean when it said we are the product of its genetic engineering?
DOCTOR: It's perfectly straight forward. To them, humans are just cattle that they have altered to be more economic, more productive.
EVELYN: Like making wheat resistant to frost and insects?
DOCTOR: Exactly, except in this case they not only improve their cattle physically but mentally. They took Australopithecus apes and made Homo Sapiens. You, Evelyn.
EVELYN: So that's why there isn't a missing link. There never was one.
DOCTOR: Mmm hmm.
EVELYN: We were just concocted in a test tube somewhere.
DOCTOR: The Silurians have upset the delicate balance of nature. Just as a modified crop can overrun the countryside, decimating all rival species, the same thing happened with humanity. That's the trouble with genetically modified foods. You turn your back for five minutes, and they've taken over the world.
EVELYN: So what is it the Silurians intend to do?
DOCTOR: Suppose you woke up to discover that your house was overrun by vermin. What would you do?
EVELYN: I'd put down some pesticide.
DOCTOR: Ah ha.
EVELYN: Oh. I see.

DOCTOR: Quite.
EVELYN: So what are we going to do? Sitting her talking isn't

EVELYN [OC]: Going to get us out of here.
DOCTOR [OC]: You would be surprised.
(Door opens.)
TULOK: Sh'vak, you have synthesised the bacteria as instructed?
SH'VAL: Yes, Leader. These canisters contain sufficient quantity of the micro-organism to eradicate a whole continent of the ape creatures.
TULOK: They must be loaded into the submersible at once. Ape creatures.
DARWIN + FITZROY: Yes?
TULOK: You will take these canisters to the submersible bay. Lift them, one each. I will guide you.
DARWIN + FITZROY: Yes, master.
(Door closes.)
EVELYN [OC]: The hibernation chamber? You mean that big sort of crypt with all the stone coffins?
DOCTOR [OC]: Yes. The device that was supposed to reanimate the Silurians from their dormant state, the timing mechanism had been disconnected.
EVELYN [OC]: What do you mean, disconnected?
DOCTOR [OC]: It had been fixed so that when the activation signal came through, the Silurians wouldn't wake up, throughout the globe.
EVELYN [OC]: But who'd do such a thing?
DOCTOR [OC]: Well, if I could show you the control unit, you'd be able to see the sabotage for yourself. You'd be able to *see* that someone had rigged the resuscitation linkages so that only a few dozen Silurians and their pet Myrka would survive, so that they alone would remain as the rest of their race were condemned to their graves.
SH'VAK: Tulok.

TULOK: Ape creatures, load the canisters into the submersible here.
FITZROY: Yes, master.
(Clang, clatter.)
LOKAN: The submersible is primed and ready to be launched.
TULOK: That is good. Ape creatures, return to the laboratory and fetch the remaining canisters.

EVELYN: Well, it's all very fascinating, you telling me all this, but I still can't see how it's going to help up get out of here.
DOCTOR: Have a little faith. (sotto) Our conversation is being monitored.
EVELYN: (sotto) You mean the cell is bugged? Where?
DOCTOR: (sotto) That's not important.
EVELYN: (sotto) But how can you be so sure
(Door opens.)
DOCTOR: Ah.
SH'VAK: Doctor.
DOCTOR: Sh'vak.
EVELYN: All right.
DOCTOR: You *were* listening, then, I take it?
SH'VAK: Doctor, I have visited the hibernation centre and examined the control unit. You were correct.
DOCTOR: I'm very sorry.
SH'VAK: Tulok. So that was his revenge. To deny the Silurians their day of awakening. To deny them the world. All part of his retribution.
DOCTOR: You know why he did it?
SH'VAK: Our leaders wanted to put an end to his experiments. He had broken the most sacred tenets of Silurian law by tampering with creation. Our leaders sentenced him to be banished to the surface of the planet with his creatures, but
DOCTOR: But?
SH'VAK: But I saved him.
DOCTOR: Oh, I see.
SH'VAK: Because of me, Tulok has destroyed an entire race. He has committed the ultimate evil. He has betrayed the natural order.
EVELYN: The natural order?

DOCTOR: The belief that is the foundation of Silurian culture, that life exists only as nature's servant.
SH'VAK: Tulok thought himself its master. But his arrogance is not his own. It is that of the whole Silurian race. Through him, we destroyed our world. We destroyed ourselves. We have no claim to the Earth.
DOCTOR: You mean you're prepared to let humanity have the planet?
SH'VAK: They deserve the chance to survive. We had our time and failed. Let humanity further (uncertain) it.
DOCTOR: Sh'vak, it's not too late. You can make amends, you know.
SH'VAK: I thought I would show him compassion, and how did he repay me?
DOCTOR: You only did what you thought was right. Compassion is nothing to regret.
SH'VAK: There is only one way I can redeem the memory of the Silurian race. Tulok must be stopped.
EVELYN: What does he intend to do?
SH'VAK: We have developed an airborne bacteria that will wipe out all humans.
DOCTOR: What?
SH'VAK: Our submersible is about to leave for the mainland, and then Tulok is going to release the bacteria into the atmosphere.

TULOK: All of the canisters have been loaded?
LOKAN: Yes, Leader.
TULOK: Excellent. Have the two ape creatures taken back to the enclosure, Lokan.
LOKAN: Yes, Leader.
TULOK: Wait. Sh'vak. Where is Primary Scientist Sh'vak?
LOKAN: I do not know.
TULOK: She should be here, unless. Delay the launch. I must return to the bunker.

DOCTOR: Sh'vak, get us out of here. If what you say is true, we don't have much time left.
SH'VAK: Tulok has betrayed me. He will die.
DOCTOR: No, I can help you.
SH'VAK: I must go.
DOCTOR: No, wait, wait.
(Door closes.)
DOCTOR: Oh.
EVELYN: Right. So much for Sh'vak helping us. What do we do now?
DOCTOR: I'd rather been banking being on the other side of that door. Oh, I hope Sh'vak, well, I hope she doesn't try anything rash. She's our only chance of getting out of here in one piece.
EVELYN: What about Charles and Captain Fitzroy? You don't think they
(Door opens.)
LOKAN: You, ape creatures, in.
DARWIN + FITZROY: Yes, master.
EVELYN: Thank goodness they're all right.
DOCTOR: I wouldn't be so certain.
EVELYN: What?
(Door closes.)
DOCTOR: Well, they're in a state of catalepsy. A form of post-psychic shock. The Silurians have been controlling them. They have a telepathic link into the primal mind. They can operate humans like, well, marionettes.
EVELYN: Like Lawson, you mean? You're saying they're under some sort of hypnosis.
DOCTOR: Fortunately, in the hands of an expert it's reversible. Charles? Fitzroy? Concentrate on my voice. On the count of three, you will wake up, free from the Silurians' influence. One, two, three. Wake up. (snaps fingers)
DARWIN: Oh, what's happened?
FITZROY: The lizard creature, it claimed to be God.
EVELYN: You don't remember anything else?
DARWIN: It is a blur. The Silurian was declaring that it created Man. Is this true, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Well, Charles, the Silurians used their great scientific knowledge to domestic and adapt a form of primitive ape. Your ancestors are the products of Tulok's experimentation.
DARWIN: And to think I thought Man was the product of the descent with modification. How could I be so mistaken, so wilfully blind to imagine
DOCTOR: No, no, you weren't wrong, Charles. Your theory still stands.
EVELYN: (sotto) Doctor.

DOCTOR: Hmm?
EVELYN: (sotto) What was it you told me about prompting?
DOCTOR: Oh, er. (sotto) It's too important.
DARWIN: Doctor, if what you claim is true, if these Silurian creatures had domination over the Earth, why did they not leave fossils? We have petrified relics of land mammals, but we have nothing akin to these creatures at all.
DOCTOR: Monkton's Theorum. Any reasonably intelligent lifeform is not going to leave a fossil. Only the most stupid creatures will be preserved because they are the only ones who are going to allow themselves to get trapped in tar pits.
DARWIN: But why aren't there any other remains? You said these creatures once had vast cities.
DOCTOR: That was over a million years ago. Tell me, how many of your buildings would last that long? Your oldest structures are barely ten millennia old, never mind a hundred times that. Ask yourself, what will be humanity's legacy, hmm? There won't be any great monuments or fossils or graves, or even one footprint. Not a single trace will remain. It will be as if mankind had never existed.
EVELYN: Oh, don't say that. That's horrible.
DOCTOR: You should see it as I see it. That's history. All of human life, just a brief candle in the darkness.

(Door slides open.)
TULOK: Ah, Sh'vak. At last.
SH'VAK: Tulok, I want to talk to you.
(Door slides shut.)
SH'VAK: About the hibernation chambers.
TULOK: I am not interested.
SH'VAK: The control unit, it was sabotaged.
TULOK: Who told you this, the Doctor?
SH'VAK: I saved your life once. You owe me the truth.
TULOK: I have not forgotten, but I tell you it was an accident.
SH'VAK: I've been to the hibernation chambers and examined the unit for myself. The timing mechanism had been deliberately disconnected.
TULOK: They were weak. I had to do it. The cowards, they deserved to die. They dared to condemn me. They treated me like a criminal. They wanted me dead. But now the world is mine, and in this brave new Earth I will be as a god, the Creator Supreme. The world will be ours once more, Sh'vak.
SH'VAK: You dishonour our memory. You have betrayed everything we hold sacred. Better the humans have the Earth, than an Earth ruled by you. You have destroyed our entire race. You have destroyed our world.
(Silurian third eye weapon.)
TULOK: Sh'vak, what are you doing? No!
SH'VAK: You are evil. You must die.
TULOK: You think you can kill me so easily, Sh'vak? You are foolish. Your mental powers are no equal to mine.
SH'VAK: I will stop you. I must.
TULOK: I have your mind in my grasp.
SH'VAK: No.
TULOK: You always were pathetic, Sh'vak. So easily manipulated. But now you are not needed.
(Two mind weapons battling.)
TULOK: Die. Die. Die!
(Sh'vak gurgles.)

FITZROY: These creatures had some sort of mental hold over us? I can scarcely believe it.
DARWIN: They can render us unconscious without recourse to physical action, or coerce us into action. We are but animals of the lowest grade to them.
DOCTOR: Exactly. To the Silurians, you are no different from those easily dominated savages they harvested all those years ago.
FITZROY: But modern man is quite distinct from the savage. They are creatures of instinct and superstition. We are civilised.
DOCTOR: Civilised? When you treat your fellow man as an inferior being?
DARWIN: No, but Doctor, perhaps Captain Fitzroy has a point. If we are agreed upon the hypothesis of natural selection, might not Man have changed in some small measure since the Silurians ruled the Earth? Perhaps they do not realise it, but perhaps we are not quite the same species. Perhaps we are

now endowed with a higher intelligence and self-will.
EVELYN: You mean we might have developed a resistance to their mental control?
DARWIN: Precisely.
DOCTOR: I think you may be on to something, Charles.
FITZROY: And how does this aid us?
DOCTOR: Perhaps they aren't quite as irresistible as they think they are. Maybe under certain circumstances Man can repel the will of the Silurians.
FITZROY: You mean, we might be able to defeat them?
DOCTOR: And if they don't realise that, or even better

DOCTOR [OC]: If that is precisely what they're afraid of
TULOK: Afraid? If humanity has degraded, I will recreate a new species in its place. I hold that power.
LOKAN [OC]: Leader Tulok, the submersible
TULOK: I will join you on board shortly, Lokan. Now I want the ape creatures slaughtered immediately.
LOKAN [OC]: Yes, Leader.
TULOK: And so it begins, the purification of the Earth, the extermination that is good.

EVELYN: But we still have to get out of this enclosure.
DOCTOR: Oh, I'm open to any suggestions. No?
EVELYN: Remember that thing where one of us pretends to be ill, and then when the guards rush in
DOCTOR: No.
EVELYN: No. You're supposed to be the one with all the clever ideas.
DOCTOR: Well, I was hoping that Sh'vak would be able to help us, but
DARWIN: Sh'vak is the one who consented to aid us?
TULOK [OC]: Ape creatures, your attention. I am about to depart in my submersible craft, where I intend to rid this planet of your degenerate bloodline. Doctor, I am aware of your conspiracy against me. It has failed.
DOCTOR: What?
TULOK [OC]: Sh'vak is dead.
DOCTOR: Oh, now we're in serious trouble.
EVELYN: You mean we weren't in serious trouble before? And there was me worrying.
TULOK [OC]: I have sent a Silurian to put you all to death. Your bodies will be consumed on our return. Die well, Doctor. I feel I will particularly enjoy the taste of your corpse.
DOCTOR: And just what are you implying by that, exactly, eh?
EVELYN: Oh, come on, Doctor. We have to do something.
DOCTOR: I'm afraid it's already too late. Listen. They're on their way.
FITZROY: This is it. We must try to overpower them. It's our only chance. Charles, ready?
(Door opens.)
DOCTOR: No, wait!
SH'VAK: Doctor.
DOCTOR: Sh'vak! But I thought. Tulok said you were dead.
SH'VAK: Tulok overcame me, but perhaps I am not as weak-willed as he thought. He crushed my mind but I held on, alive.
DARWIN: But what about the Silurian despatched to kill us?
SH'VAK: He is no longer a threat.
FITZROY: You mean, you mean you're with us, lizard?
SH'VAK: Yes
DOCTOR: Good. Well, I'm glad we got all that sorted out. Now, we haven't got much time, if it's not already too late. We have to stop Tulok leaving at all costs. I think, the control room.
EVELYN: And what do you intend to do when we get there?
DOCTOR: Oh, er, well, by then I'll probably have thought of something terribly ingenious. Come on!

LOKAN: Leader Tulok.
TULOK: Our craft is ready to leave?
LOKAN: Yes, Leader. All systems checked and initiated. Power output at parameter eight.
TULOK: Then we must go immediately. Set a course for the mainland.
DOCTOR [OC]: Er, hello there.
TULOK: What?
DOCTOR [OC]: Silurian bunker calling submersible. Bunker calling submersible. Can you read me?

Over.
TULOK: What is this?
DOCTOR [OC]: Ah, there you are, Tulok, old chap. Hope you're keeping well. So glad I caught you before you had to rush off. Over.
TULOK: Doctor, you, you are in the bunker control room.
DOCTOR [OC]: That's right. Can't say I care for the décor, but as control rooms go, I've seen worse.
EVELYN [OC]: Over.
DOCTOR [OC]: Oops, sorry. Over.
TULOK: How did you escape from the enclosure? I sent a Silurian
DOCTOR [OC]: Oh, him. You know, you Silurians aren't all that invincible. It's quite easy to resist your telepathic attacks if you put your mind to it. Human beings are stronger than they look. Over.
TULOK: You lie! You are inferior. I made you inferior.
DOCTOR [OC]: Well, we managed to escape and get into your control room, didn't we? Speaking of which, these hydrogen fusion reactors of yours, I find they overload so easily, don't they? All it takes is a few minor adjustments and you're minutes away from a major explosion.
TULOK: What?
DOCTOR [OC]: Oh, I want to meet you for a chat. Face to face. That's all. You know where to find me. You've got about fifteen minutes before this place goes up? Over and out.
LOKAN: Leader, all systems are ready. Shall we leave?
TULOK: No. Check the energy sensors.
LOKAN: Energy sensors detect a power surge in bunker reactor. If it continues at the current rate
TULOK: So the Doctor was telling the truth. Our departure can wait. He will die, even if it must be by my own hand. You will remain here on guard. We will see how well he resists the might of the Silurians.

(Alarm sounding.)
FITZROY: Right, so this Tulok fellow is on his way up. Now what, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Well, we'll have to try and hold him off somehow, won't we. You, me, and young Charles here.
EVELYN: You really have overloaded the reactors?
DOCTOR: Oh yes, certainly. In fourteen minutes from now, we'll be blown sky-high.
EVELYN: Well, in that case, shouldn't we be getting out of here?
DOCTOR: No. No, we can't do that. We have to stay here. And whilst we're busy here, I want you to take this device and place it inside the submersible. Make sure it's well hidden.
EVELYN: Doctor.
DOCTOR: Sorry, what?
EVELYN: Me? Go down there? Alone? Please tell me you're joking.
DOCTOR: I am deadly serious. Look, we'll be dealing with Tulok here, and keeping him out of your way, so you should be perfectly safe.
EVELYN: I don't like the use of the word should.
FITZROY: So it's just us three against Tulok? Do you sincerely believe we stand a chance of stopping him?
DOCTOR: Well, always assuming that Charles was right.
DARWIN: I was right?
DOCTOR: That man has adapted over the last hundred thousand years, that you are no longer as susceptible to the Silurian psychic control as you once were.
FITZROY: But Lawson.
DOCTOR: Oh, people who want to be lead always will be. Perhaps he had a domineering mother. Anyway, we three with enough will-power should be able to, well, at least keep him busy for a while. For thirteen minutes or so.
FITZROY: Just how do we do this?
DOCTOR: You should concentrate your minds. Keep all your thoughts fixed on something you believe in.
SH'VAK: Doctor.
DOCTOR: Ah, Sh'vak. Now, you know what you have to do.
SH'VAK: I understand. (receding) I must remain out of sight.
FITZROY: Doctor, it's Tulok. He's coming.
DOCTOR: Right, everyone ready. Evelyn, you must go, now.
EVELYN: All right. Good luck.
DOCTOR: Good luck.

(Door opens and closes.)
DOCTOR: Fitzroy, Charles, remember what I said. Concentrate on something you believe in totally.
(Door opens.)
TULOK: Doctor.
DOCTOR: Tulok. Delighted you could make it.
(Door closes.)
DOCTOR: You've already met my friends, Charles Darwin, Captain Fitzroy, haven't you?
TULOK: You have overloaded the hydrogen reactor. Move away from the controls now.
DOCTOR: No, I don't think so. And before you attack us, I wouldn't advise using your third eye in here. A couple of inches out and the energy will destroy the reactor override, which I don't need to tell you will immediately precipitate a fission meltdown, or in other words, a very, very big explosion.
TULOK: You, stop the power transfer.
DOCTOR: And if you take one step closer, I'm afraid I'll have no choice but to press this button here, which will also immediately precipitate a fission meltdown.
TULOK: Stop the power transfer. I command you to stop it.
DOCTOR: No. No. You see, your telepathy won't work on us. We can beat you.
TULOK: No. You ape creatures, I order you, kill the Doctor.
DOCTOR: Charles, Fitzroy, now! Concentrate now! You can resist.
(Sounds of effort.)
DARWIN: No, no.
DOCTOR: Hold on, Charles. Keep a grip on your mind. Remember what I said, Charles.
DARWIN: I can't.
TULOK: Your minds, your minds are mine.
DOCTOR: No! You're wrong!
TULOK: You cannot resist me.
DOCTOR: We *can* resist you.
DARWIN: I can't fight it much longer, Doctor. He's too strong.
DOCTOR: You must hold on, Charles.
DARWIN: It's inside my head. Our Father, who art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name.
DOCTOR: Don't let him control you. Concentrate now!
DARWIN: Thy will be done on Earth as it is in Heaven.
DOCTOR: Something you believe in. Come on, Charles.
TULOK: I command you, kill the Doctor.
DARWIN: Forgive us our trespasses.
DOCTOR: No. Come on, Fitzroy. Hold on. Hold on! Hold on!
TULOK: Kill the Doctor. Kill him! Kill!

EVELYN: So this is what the inside of a Silurian submarine looks like. Very nice, I must say. Now, where would be a good place to hide this. Ah, perfect.
(Door creaks open then closed again.)
EVELYN: That was easy. I'm surprised these Silurians didn't think to leave someone on guard. Still, they'll never think of looking in there.
LOKAN: Ape creature, what are you doing in here?

TULOK: Kill the Doctor.
DOCTOR: Hold on. Think what you believe in. What you truly believe in.
TULOK: You must kill the Doctor.
DARWIN: Our Saviour. No.
DOCTOR: Go on, Charles.
DARWIN: No, I don't. I believe
DOCTOR: Yes?
FITZROY: Master.
DARWIN: I believe in descent through modification!
DOCTOR: Yes, Charles!
DARWIN: I believe in natural selection.
DOCTOR: Yes!
TULOK: It is no good, Doctor. You cannot fight me.
DOCTOR: No. No, you're wrong. Man is not the primitive creature you once knew. Evolution has run its course. Humanity is no longer your servant.
TULOK: You lie. I am your master.

DARWIN: I believe! I believe Man has changed. Man is the master of his own destiny! You do not control us.
TULOK: No! You bow down before me. I am your god.
DARWIN: You are not our god. There is no god! We are the result of natural selection. We don't owe our existences to you!
TULOK: You, Fitzroy, stop him.
FITZROY: No, no. No, I don't obey.
TULOK: What is happening?
DOCTOR: You are weakening, Tulok. You can't break through. We're too strong for you.
DARWIN: Whatever you may have done to us, Tulok, we have changed. We are our own creatures.
TULOK: No. I must, I will control you.

LOKAN: I will ask you again. What are you doing in here?
EVELYN: (flat) Leader Tulok sent me to inform you that he has defeated the primitive ape creatures, and that he will return shortly to proceed with the big plan.
LOKAN: You will return to Tulok and tell him that I await his further instructions.
EVELYN: I obey, master.
(Door opens, footsteps, door closes.)
EVELYN: That's what I believe they call a close thing.

DOCTOR: You're beaten, Tulok. A relic of a bygone age. You're obsolete.
TULOK: No, I will rule.
DARWIN: You created us, but now we are free.
TULOK: So, if I can't command you, you will be destroyed.
DOCTOR: Oh, that's your answer to everything, isn't it, to destroy. You destroyed your own race. You killed Sh'vak.
TULOK: The weak must die, Doctor. The superior species has always driven its rivals to extinction. That is the true natural order.
DOCTOR: Talking of extinction, I think there's about two minutes left.
TULOK: I will still have my revenge, Doctor. The world will still be mine.
(Door opens and closes. Deep sighs.)
DARWIN: He's gone. We did it. We beat him.
DOCTOR: Yes. Yes, we did.
FITZROY: Then you were right, Charles. We do have will-power to stand up to them.
DARWIN: Yes.
DOCTOR: Well, to an extent, yes, but I'm afraid mankind hasn't changed all that much. You're still as vulnerable to the Silurians' telepathy as you ever were. You, er, had a little assistance.
FITZROY: We were helped? What do you mean?
DOCTOR: Sh'vak. She was creating a telepathic barrier through you and Charles.
SH'VAK: (weak) Doctor.
DOCTOR: Sh'vak? Oh, no.
SH'VAK: I have restored the natural order. The Earth is yours now.
DARWIN: Sh'vak? But what happened to her?
DOCTOR: The psychic strain must have been too much.
SH'VAK: You said other Silurian clans had survived. Tell them, tell them what happened. Goodbye, Doctor.
DOCTOR: I will, Sh'vak. I will.

LOKAN: Leader Tulok, you defeated the ape creatures?
TULOK: Set a course for the mainland. We must leave immediately.
LOKAN: But Leader, the power surge is continuing. The base will be destroyed.
TULOK: That is why we have to go now. Get us out of here.
LOKAN: Yes, Leader. Drive initiated.

(Things are starting to go bang.)
DARWIN: Doctor, I don't wish to alarm you, but what I can grasp of these instruments, the submersible, it's getting away.
(Door opens.)
EVELYN: Doctor.
DOCTOR: Oh, Evelyn, you're all right.

(Door closes.)
DOCTOR: Did you manage
EVELYN: Yes, I did. What's happened here? Sh'vak?
DOCTOR: There isn't any time. We've got about sixty seconds to get out of here. But first.
EVELYN: What are you doing?
DOCTOR: Just activating the Silurian homing device. Good. Right, come on.
DARWIN: Doctor, where are we going?
DOCTOR: The lift, it's our only hope.

LOKAN: We have now cleared the islands, Leader. Proceeding on a north-western course.
TULOK: Excellent, Lokan. I am impatient. Prepare the warheads.
LOKAN: Yes, Leader.
(Roar.)
TULOK: What was that?
LOKAN: Sensors indicate (fear) it's the Myrka, Leader! It seems, it seems to be chasing *us*.
TULOK: The Myrka? But how? The Doctor.
LOKAN: Myrka now at a range of fifty metres. Forty metres and closing.
TULOK: There must be a sonic emitter on board. Find it. We must find it immediately.
LOKAN: Twenty metres. Instruments indicate a massive electrical charge. It's going to attack!
TULOK: Argh!
(Boom!)

(Lots of alarms sounding.)
DOCTOR: Come on! Come on! Down here. There's only a few seconds. Quick, in here!
DARWIN: What, what is this contraption?
DOCTOR: A lift. It will take us up to the surface. Just a matter of tripping the servo release. There. Everyone inside! Charles, Evelyn, Fitzroy.
(Door closes.)
EVELYN: Why aren't we moving? Have you tried pressing the button?
DOCTOR: Have I tried pressing the button? Of course I've tried pressing the button.
EVELYN: Well, try pressing it again. Maybe you didn't press it properly.
FITZROY: Allow me.
(Shoots the panel.)
DOCTOR: It worked! Going up.
DARWIN: Doctor, it's getting hotter.
(Multiple explosions.)

EVELYN: It's so peaceful. The birds, the sunset. You'd think that nothing had happened.
DOCTOR: (chuckles) It is beautiful, isn't it? A sight to fill and elevate the mind.
FITZROY: Doctor, over there. That column of smoke.
DOCTOR: Ah, all that remains of Lawson's jail house, destroyed with the Silurians' bunker.
DARWIN: And the Silurians themselves, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Gone.
DARWIN: We'll never see or hear of them again.
DOCTOR: Well, never is an awfully long time. There are certainly others in hibernation throughout the globe. There's always the possibility that their slumber may be disturbed, but not, I think, for another century or so.
EVELYN: What about the settlement, Baquerizo Moreno?
DOCTOR: Well, it should be safe now. The bacteria was designed to burn itself out once it had done its vile work. I think perhaps it would be a better memorial to those who died if it were left in peace.
DARWIN: Indeed.
FITZROY: Speaking of leaving, the night is drawing close. Perhaps we should reconvene to the Beagle, gentlemen, Miss Smythe?
DOCTOR: Yes. Er, oh, er, no. no. No, it's time Miss Smythe and I returned to our own ship.
DARWIN: Your own ship? You mean the one moored on the north side of the island?
DOCTOR: Er, yes. Before we go, Charles, Captain Fitzroy, I must ask you both something.
FITZROY: What is your request, Doctor?
DOCTOR: It is vitally important that no one ever learns about the Silurians. When you make your accounts and journals of your voyages, please, make no mention of them.
FITZROY: I don't think that we would. It would invite unqualified ridicule.

DARWIN: I doubt that a solitary soul would believe us.
DOCTOR: Oh, and one or two more things. In your accounts, I'd prefer it if you didn't mention Miss Smythe and myself.
FITZROY: I cannot understand why, but as you wish, Doctor. And the second?
DOCTOR: Charles, keep an eye out for a chap called Alfred Wallace.
DARWIN: Alfred Wallace?
DOCTOR: Remember the name. Well, goodbye. Charles, Fitzroy.
FITZROY: Yes, yes. Well, good day to you both.
DARWIN: Goodbye, Doctor. I won't forget this. (receding) It occurs to me, Captain
EVELYN: Well, what now? The Tardis?
DOCTOR: Yes. Yes. Hmm. Alfred Wallace. You know, that reminds me. I always meant to pop back and give him some moral support.
EVELYN: No, Doctor.
DOCTOR: No?
EVELYN: No.
DOCTOR: Mmm, perhaps you're right, Evelyn. Perhaps you're right.